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the Time"

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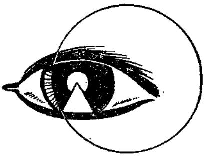
SHOULD YOU WEAR GLASSES?

OF ALL ANIMALS, MAN'S EYES ARE THE BEST—YET TWO-THIRDS OF US REQUIRE SPECTACLES



THIS directly concerns two out of every three adults—those that wear or should wear eyeglasses. And that includes me.

Now I do not know how you feel about it but I happen to be one of a staid, old-fashioned minority which still believes that spectacles were made to see with not be seen with. And I am tired of having newspapers, magazines and billboards promise to improve my health, disposition, personality, appetite and business prospects in big letters and my vision in little ones.

I am weary of the persuasive radio voice which promises to beautify my undoubtedly plain face and enhance my social desirability by the simple expedient of selling me—very, very cheaply—a most expensive pair of glasses. I resent having my eyes and intelligence assaulted by ubiquitous store-window lithographs in which a most unbeautiful slattern is miraculously transformed into a paragon of health and beauty by a pair of shining nose-glasses. It's bad enough that I have to wear glasses. Why add insult?

My objection to the making of aristocratic ornaments and social assets out of the plebeian spectacles is twofold. First, I deplore the commercialization of what I consider to be a strictly medical function. Secondly, as an average adult, I can but revolt at this implied insult to my fairly average intelligence. The basis for this hopeful excursion of commerce into the stratosphere of imagination is a solid one—a cold, hard set of statistics which runs something like this:

1. One out of five school children needs glasses.

2. Two out of five college students brighten the campus with spectacles or should.

3. After the age of 45 most of us need reading glasses—if no other kind.

4. All in all, approximately two

out of three of us adults need glasses either permanently or intermittently.

5. Only one in three adults actually wears glasses.

I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the above figures. The old dictum about lies, damned lies and statistics may be no less applicable here than anywhere else. But these estimates are more or less accepted by most authorities.

Why do so many of us need glasses? Is the need for them greater now than it was one thousand years ago? Are our eyes becoming worse? If more need glasses, why do they not wear them? The answers are not always easy.

We start from scratch with the best visual apparatus in the animal kingdom. It used to be the fashion to compare our eyes to a highly complicated camera. We know better than that now. It is a far more efficient and useful instrument than any conceived by man. With it we make photographs on a sensitive retinal negative under extremes of light and shade where the most expensive camera would be useless. We change our focus for distance and near, automatically and instantaneously. We see better than most animals—even better than a cat in the dark. Our field of vision is wider than that of any other living thing. And that is not all.

Our versatile little visual organs give us not only enough of the birds' distant vision and beasts' motion-detecting ability to serve all our needs, but in addition we can see near objects as clearly as distant objects. Few other animals can do that. The page you see before you now would be nothing but a blur to most of the lower species.

We are superior to them, too, because we see the same object with both eyes. Only the highest in the scale of evolution have this gift, whose importance cannot be overestimated. Because of the position of our eyes single binocular vision has reached its highest development in man. This means that in looking at a white object, if a red glass is placed in front of one eye we see neither a lively red nor a dead white; the two are fused into a placid pink. This also means that we have depth and distance perception, because each eye views objects at the same time from a slightly different angle. By long experience our brain has learned to fuse these two images into one composite having thickness, relative size and perspective. Animals with eyes at the side of the head are not able to do this.

What has happened to this remarkably efficient visual equipment? How account for statistic No. 4, even if it is only partially true? Why should anywhere near two-thirds of us need artificial assistance to see clearly? Nature is not doing well by us today or, perhaps, we are not doing well by nature. The trouble seems to be that our eyes have not caught up with our method of living. We have not quite succeeded in "civilizing" them.

Apparently the more enlightened we become the less we see. Modern civilization has beaten plowshares into desks, has substituted the poorly lighted office and shop for the great outdoors, and has traded us soft white hands for the better vision of our tree-living ancestors. Visually speaking, we have been cheated in our descent from the tree tops. We have taken our outdoor-living and -loving eyes, adapted to light as great as ten thousand foot-candles, and have imprisoned them in comparatively dark cubicles where the light is usually less than ten foot-candles. The remarkable thing is that many of us still see as well as we do and that so many of us can still get along without glasses.

Along with most other animals we are born farsighted or hyperopic, with eyes adapted to distant vision and wide-open spaces. But unlike most wild animals we, in the captivity of civilization, carry on most of our activities and do most of our work at close range. For several hundred years now we have been forcing our naturally far-seeing eyes to do work just under our noses—literally. It is not at all remarkable that many farsighted people should need glasses for near work. And it is not remarkable that doctors and lawyers should have more eye troubles than farmers, and bookkeepers more than salesmen.

Another major eye defect is nearsightedness or myopia. One widely held theory is that in our reversion from the feral to domesticity our eyes are acquiring the disease of myopia at a gradual but steadily increasing rate. Many lose their farsightedness and become nearsighted at an early age. It may sound paradoxical but the farsighted eye is too short and the nearsighted eye is too long—too long, that is, measured from front to back. Where the average farsighted eye measures a little less than one inch from cornea to retina, the myopic eye is usually longer than an inch. Many theories have been offered to explain myopia. Their very multiplicity mirrors our lack of knowledge. Poor light, poor posture, lack of proper glasses, lack of vitamins have all been blamed.

The exact cause of nearsightedness, then, is unknown. We do know that increasing myopia is most commonly found in children during the early school years when the eyes are first being applied to close work. We also know that the surest way to become nearsighted is to choose nearsighted parents. The hereditary factor is strong. And you cannot change nearsightedness any more than you can change your parents. It may be that our eyes are trying to adapt themselves to our method of living and —as frequently happens in nature —are going too far.

The nearsighted have one distinct advantage. We all begin to need reading glasses around the age of forty-five; the farsighted earlier, the nearsighted later. A person who is sufficiently nearsighted may never need them.

As if farsightedness and nearsightedness were not enough, we also have astigmatism to plague us. Rare is the patient, indeed, who sometime during the course of an examination does not ask what astigmatism is. Meaning literally "pointless" or "not clear," it is just that to many eyes and individuals. Roughly, it is an unequal curvature of the refracting media of the eye, usually the cornea. In a camera it would mean that the focusing lens is so ground that it is curved more in one direction than another. As a result, rays of light are focused not as clear points but as blurs. It is the most common and annoying of all abnormalities. Yet, "abnormality" is not the precise word because the majority of people are astigmatic. Fortunately their astigmatism is not always severe enough to cause trouble. Such an eye can be corrected by glasses but astigmatism itself is incurable.

Now what about statistic No. 5? With two out of three individuals needing glasses, why do half that many deny themselves this blessing? Is it vanity? Partly. For it must be admitted that, with the possible exception of giving you that studious look, the esthetic appeal inherent in a pair of glasses is about equal to the emotional content of a glass eye. I do not know a single woman who looks or thinks she looks better with glasses. Do you? I know not a single one who would not discard them if she could. Many do who should not—and not only women. Why? Ignorance, carelessness, vanity—yes. But these are not the only reasons. For a fuller explanation we have to go back, way back.

When spectacles burst forth in all their vitreous splendor on a startled world, the pious raised their hands in holy horror. They were outraged at this blasphemous attempt to improve on the handiwork of the Almighty, and they inveighed against these instruments of the devil. Thus, at their very inception, eyeglasses came into the world accursed. And they have been heartily cussed at ever since.

It is a far cry from the crude monstrosities of the fourteenth century to the modern pair of glasses which comparatively are a thing of beauty if not a joy forever. Science has not only enabled us to see better with them but has given them to us in all sizes, colors, materials, shapes and styles. Like madame's gowns they are even differentiated for morning, afternoon and evening wear. And with these improvements our superstitions have grown. For the years have added a whole mythology or rather demonology to our ancient prejudices. Accordingly—so the story goes—malignant spirits lurk in every pair of innocent appearing cheaters. These evil genii so bewitch you that once having donned eyeglasses you are forever after a slave to them. Or they weaken your eyes so that never again are they as good as before you took the fatal step and stuck your face behind a pair of specs. It does no good to point out the obvious falsity of these beliefs. They are rooted too deep.

Now what is the Truth? The truth—let's not be too pontifical—is that eyeglasses have been developed by human ingenuity to help the eyes to see. They are our only means of correcting many structural, muscular and senile eye defects. In many cases they not only help us to see better but they relieve us of such symptoms as headache, eyestrain, burning, itching and redness of the lids; symptoms which may be due to eyes and eye-muscles which need help. But having said this we have said everything. Glasses help eyes but they do not change them for worse. The remarkable fables extant about the malevolent effects of glasses on eyes are—fables.

Eyeglasses enable the eyes to work more efficiently by doing to light rays what the faulty eye cannot do for itself. They do not change the anatomic structure of the eye. If your eyes become accustomed to seeing better with glasses and rebel at poorer vision when the glasses are discarded, it is not because they have changed. It is because you have shown them better things and they rebel at reverting to the poorer state. On the other hand it must be remembered that eyes which are made "normal" by glasses are not as good as the eyes which need no glasses at all, despite the equality of vision. Do not expect too much but treat your eyes reasonably.

The latest wrinkle, the contact lens which is worn directly on the eyeball, offers no immediate universal relief either. True, a surprising number wear them comfortably. And they are practically invisible, which is, of course, their main advantage to the general public. But others can wear them only for a few hours at a time. They are rather expensive, fragile and sometimes require long and troublesome adjustment. Yet they are of definite value in some pathological conditions and to public performers who wish to conceal their visual infirmities from an adoring public.

Another recently discovered adjuvant to the health, wealth and prosperity of all Americans is the tinted lens. The approach here had to be somewhat different since by no stretch of the imagination can a trace of beauty be found in a pair of dark brown sun goggles. So the light rays have come into their own.

There are pathological eye conditions for which dark lenses are helpful. Albinos with little eye pigment to absorb glare find them a comfort. Workers under Klieg lights, acetylene torch welders and travelers in desert and snowfield are benefited by them. At the seashore, dark glasses are a relief and should be worn. For this purpose a good pair of ground lenses costing about two dollars are as good as the five-dollar variety. In most cases they do nothing but reduce the light getting into your eye from 15 to 75 per cent and enable you to see that much less light and glare.

In conclusion I suppose I should suggest some sensible, ingenious plan by which all those needing it would infallibly seek competent medical attention for their eyes. From the depths of my wisdom and experience I should offer an easy, painless method of putting glasses on the noses of all those that need them and taking them off the faces of those wearing them unnecessarily by benefit of ballyhoo. If the figures are right, the net result would make one-third of the nation happier, healthier and more comfortable.

—Sidney A. Fox, M. D.

MAN'S WAY

PERHAPS YOU KNOW HIM, THIS PLAYER WHO STRUTS AND FRETS HIS LITTLE HOUR UPON THE STAGE

MAN is born, he grows a little, he has measles, mumps and chicken pox, he goes to school, and presently he is grown up. He falls in love, and marries; or he doesn't. He joins clubs. He buys furniture and highball glasses and a medium-priced car and several magazine subscriptions and some oil stock, which is no damn good. He takes the eight-fifty each morning, and the five-twenty each night. He mows the lawn for exercise. On Sundays he plays golf. His children call him George, which irritates him, though George is his name. The mother of his children calls him Daddy. That annoys him too.

His shoes pinch, and his hats don't fit him, and his dress clothes smell of moth balls. Dentists drill his teeth, and surgeons dig out his appendix. His head colds settle in his chest—eventually, after a week or two—and there they stay until he catches new ones in his nose. He has to shave twice daily, or he should. He misses trains. He fills out questionnaires. He stalls in traffic, like a fool. He fixes flats on lonely country roads. His business goes from bad to worse, or if it isn't that, it's taxes. He doesn't know what the world is coming to. But he suspects.

He has hay fever. He suffers from insomnia, and when he sleeps his own snores wake him. His hair recedes, and ultimately disappears, and nothing can be done. His dress shirts bulge. He stands about unhappily at cocktail parties, nibbling carrots. He is called upon to speak extemporaneously at banquets. People mispronounce his name. Headwaiters forget his face. Champagne disagrees with him. Hostesses take him to the opera.

He fights in wars, if any. His golf drive slices, if it doesn't hook. His servants hide his papers and his cuff links and his reading glasses. His own wife gives him pansy-looking dressing gowns for Christmas. His children give him those red leather bill-holders marked "Paid" and "Unpaid." His secretary leaves him to get married, after fifteen years. His dentist tells him that those old amalgams must come out. Mosquitoes poison him. College reunions make him gloomy. Hurricane insurance is the only kind he doesn't carry, and what do you think happens? A hurricane, by God.

He acts as pallbearer at funerals. He is airsick when he flies. He goes abroad, but cannot get a decent cup of coffee anywhere. He goes around the world, but cannot get back fast enough. He grows a paunch, and works at a gymnasium to reduce it, but nothing comes of this except a stubborn case of athlete's foot. He is advised to give up alcohol and nicotine. He tries. Meanwhile he builds a house that costs him two-and-a-half times the estimated building cost. He doesn't even like it.

He serves on juries. He explains past income-tax deductions to mean-faced agents from the Bureau of Internal Revenue. None of them believes a word he says, or ever will. Employees sue him. Business gets a little better, but his workmen strike. His distant relatives are destitute, and write to him, demanding funds. His mother-in-law comes to live with him. She helps him tell his stories. He is a good and faithful husband, all his life; or he is not. He gets divorced, or doesn't. He remarries, and his friends say, isn't it extraordinary, the second wife is just exactly like the first, in every way. Presently he discovers this himself.

The first thing he knows, he is old. He has retired from business. He has grown deaf, though not as deaf as everyone seems to suppose. He feels an august patriarch, but he is treated like a muling infant. They bundle him in scarfs and earmuffs when he goes onto the porch. They put him to bed early. They feed him soft-boiled eggs. When he falls down the cellar stairs and breaks his hip, they scold and fuss and carry on for weeks and weeks, saying that they *told* him, which is true enough. They send him to St. Petersburg to get his strength back, after this ordeal. They provide a nurse for him, if they can possibly afford it. You would think they wanted him to live indefinitely, but he knows better.

By and by he dies—but is he glad?

No. He is not.

—KATHARINE BRUSH

LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

IT WAS A DIFFERENT WORLD IN 1839, AND A RATHER QUAINT AND AMUSING ONE AT THAT

THE harbor was filled with sails; more than a hundred packets had arrived in New York the past week end, bringing freight and an occasional passenger from all over the world. Rockets thrown up during the night announced the coming of the *Sirius* and crowds greeted her as morning brought the boat into view. Toward afternoon the congestion increased. Rumors had spread through the city that the *Great Western* might also arrive before night and when the larger vessel swept grandly into port that afternoon, the Battery went wild with excitement. Wooden vessels driven by steam were common but the *Sirius* and the *Great Western* were the first iron vessels to make the crossing from England. And at such incredible speeds, the *Sirius* in seventeen days and the *Great Western* in a fantastic fifteen.

Tom Boxer, the *Morning Herald* reporter, waiting to get the latest news from Europe, boarded the *Sirius* when she docked at daybreak and carried off the entire haul of London newspapers. He broke into James Gordon Bennett's bedroom with them before Bennett was awake. "The London papers! April first! The *Sirius* is here," he shouted as he pounded on the door. Bennett hopped out of bed and grabbed them. There was constant rivalry between the *Herald* and the *Morning Courier* to fill their morning and evening four-page editions. Tom Boxer's scoop had put the *Herald* on top. But the score was evened in the afternoon. When the *Great Western* pulled in, the *Courier's* reporter was on hand and escaped with a loot which included not only London newspapers but late English books, magazines and even private letters intended for the postoffice. The postoffice could wait for its mail until the *Courier* came out that evening, the *Courier's* man decided, because even from private letters news might leak into the hands of their rival, Bennett.

The city was filled with visitors attracted by the coming of the iron ships. Builders from Pittsburgh who had triumphantly sold sixty-one wooden steamers the year before, were waiting uneasily at the dock when the iron-built *Great Western* arrived. Owners of the Boston and Salem shipyards had come down to inspect the new construction so different from their mosquito-like Clipper ships which had already poked their noses into the opium trade of Canton, lining the pockets of their Christian owners to the detriment of similarly gaping pockets of British Christians. Fleets of new buses, on the streets for the first time today, dashed to and from the Battery carrying bands, their whips cracking over the four-horse double tandems. Never since the War of 1812 had New Yorkers seen such an exciting day as this of April 23, 1838.

New York was a fascinating city for these visitors. Old Park Theatre, where Booth had just finished a successful winter season, was still playing to packed houses, unaffected apparently by the depression which had continued from 1837 into the present year. The Franklin, the National and Niblos were all offering popular bills. There were concerts by foreign singers and opera given by an Italian company. And in over a hundred bookshops, the latest novels of English writers were displayed.

A copy of Emerson's *Nature* might perhaps have been picked up in the bookshops but it was not likely. Emerson had published only this one essay as yet and it had little circulation outside Boston. A book reviewer in the *New York Review* of July, 1838, commenting on Harriet Martineau's appreciation of Emerson's ability (she had met him in his home in Concord during her visit to the United States in 1834-35) wrote slightingly of "the reputations which Miss Martineau manufactures. Mr. Emerson is one of her great discoveries." No doubt he was an estimable young man, the reviewer continued, who was possibly appreciated in his own community, but outside Boston this young Emerson had not been heard of.

If the visitor had arranged with his New York friends for a guest ticket, he might drop into the Society Library or the Atheneum to read, but no free library was open to the New York public, except those established by a few industries for their employees. His wife could find much to interest her in the shops: rose point lace and ostrich feathers from Paris, silks and lacquered ware from China; and over in Brooklyn she could buy from Duncan Phyfe and Son, finely designed furniture built from rare woods which would outlast her life and her children's lives and still be serviceable in the homes of her grandchildren a century later in 1939. New York was a most interesting city to visit.

★ ★ ★

Folklore mysteriously dominated America in 1839 as it does in 1939. The pioneer woman could fight the Indian and slave for her family on the Western outposts of civilization, but propriety bore down heavily on the woman of the settled communities. Catherine Sedgwick, the American novelist, was surprised to discover on her trip to London in 1839 that English women had a place and function in society which were denied American women. The English girl was prepared to earn her own living, since there were many occupations in which she could win equal salary and equal respect with men. London was full of well-paid women writers in every field including journalism. For an American woman to wish to earn her own living was to invite contempt even when she was in need. And to prepare herself for a career outside marriage was almost impossible. Of the fifty-nine colleges which existed in the United States in 1839, only Oberlin and Holyoke admitted women to their classes.

Like all folklore, the myth which branded work a disgrace for women ignored essential facts. Thousands of women needed food and the myth denied them the right to earn it. The custom of hiding her humiliation in the obscurity of a relative's home for life, when a woman lost in the gamble for a husband, has been too fully discussed to need repeating. Gentle women in Eastern cities, without convenient relatives and forced by hunger to enter the factories, worked as numbers without giving their names; the shame of working for wages was hidden by anonymity.

The notion that work was disgraceful influenced the lives of men as well as women but in a more limited area. In the civilization which centered around Charleston, an idle planter supported by slaves was at the top of the social hierarchy. Wealthy merchants in the community, sneering at the business which had given them their fortunes, bought huge plantations in imitation of their social betters and showed haughty contempt for the large white population which carried on the essential services of the city.

But Charleston was something of an anachronism. Democracy, well advertised in the Revolution and in the Declaration of Independence, had been growing steadily since the War. New York merchant millionaires, appalled by the democratic administrations of Jefferson and Jackson, had at last realized that they must angle for votes, if they wished to hold their power in Washington. American working men had a sturdiness of approach to their rich neighbors which contrasted strangely in the eyes of visiting Englishmen with the subservience of their own working class. The American who worked with his hands, if not respected, was at least feared politically: he had a vote and power.

The English Chartists could roll into the House of Commons in 1839 a petition as large as a cartwheel, asking the right of universal manhood suffrage, only to be indignantly refused and when they insisted on recognition, to be shot down in the streets. De Tocqueville, writing in 1835 following his visit to America, reported that the Americans whom he met hated the democratic institutions of their country but were careful not to show that they were galled. The Revolution had come before an aristocracy had been formed in America, says Miriam Beard in an excellent review of the period in her *History of the Business Man*. "It was in the nature of a preventive operation."

★ ★ ★

A lively split of public opinion on the Supreme Court divided the country in the Van Buren administration. Andrew Jackson had hated the Court. The controversy continued into 1838 when articles which appeared in the Democratic and Republican *Reviews* are interestingly reminiscent of 1937. "It is our opinion," said the Democratic *Review*, "that the judicial system of the United States is built on false principles. The entire omission in its organization of the element of responsibility . . . we look upon as a fatal error." Back came the Republican *Review* in its next issue. "Here we behold the leveler of all institutions . . . it is part of the plan set on foot by a certain party whose whole career has been at war with the Constitution and laws, a party which is subtly weaving its spider web around the majesty of the Judiciary."

There was an angry debate over

neutrality a hundred years ago just as there is today. War with Great Britain seemed unavoidable in the early months of 1838. Lower Canada was in rebellion against England and sympathetic Americans were supplying the rebels with ammunition and volunteers. The American boat *Caroline*, loaded with sightseers visiting the scene of trouble, was fired by Canadian loyalists and pushed over Niagara. War excitement flared up throughout the country; newspapers were filled with reports from the "front" and daily announcements that it was a matter of only a few hours before war would be declared. Determined to save the nation from war, Van Buren issued a neutrality proclamation with teeth: any American found guilty of giving help to either side of the rebellion across the border was threatened with jail. No one wished to be clapped into jail. The drift to war came to an abrupt stop but Van Buren's success was not popular: it failed to endear him to the citizens of Rochester and Buffalo. War would have united Lower Canada to the United States, they believed, and have wiped out the heavy Canadian import duties; Van Buren lost the vote of this northern territory when he ran for election.

The curriculum of the Ladies Seminaries upon which women depended for education a hundred years ago was heavily loaded with languages. Latin was popular and even Hebrew was taught. A German nobleman who married into the family of a rich Boston merchant in the late '30's reported his amazement in letters home, at the fluency of the Boston society women in languages. Dressed in imported costumes, "the women converse in Latin," he said, "while their rich merchant husbands are almost illiterate and not always clean." We are entitled to some reservations regarding the extent of conversations carried on in Latin, even in Boston, but that cleanliness was regarded in some circles as largely a feminine interest, there is evidence to believe.

The "educated" graduate of a Ladies Seminary had won some prestige for her knowledge of chemistry, if the reaction of a prosperous old Pennsylvania farmer to his young wife, a graduate, is to be accepted as suggestive. "I used to think it was air I sucked in every time I expired," he said. "Howsomever, she telled me that I've been suckin' in two kinds of gin, ox-gin and high-gin. And I a teetotal temperance man!"

—L. Waples McMullen

FORGOTTEN EXPERIMENTS

There are certain experiments which seem to have been conducted under a dark star. These experiments, if proven accurate, would be epochal. Yet after a brief moment of limited publicity, they disappeared into some strange limbo. There they remain, neither proven nor disproven—merely forgotten.

"LAZARUS III" returned to some semblance of life on Friday, April 13, 1934. On May 19, this revivified dog was able to walk and eat regularly. On June 4 he and the man who had raised him from the dead were requested to vacate the laboratory at the University of California.

Dr. Robert Cornish killed Lazarus III, who was one of a series of experimental dogs, by asphyxiation with nitrogen. After four minutes of death, the dog was brought back to life by the same method and materials which had been partially successful when tried on his predecessors.

The method combined artificial respiration by means of a special apparatus, and an injection developed by Dr. Cornish. The injection contained blood from another dog, heparin, a physiological salt solution, epinephrin, and gum arabic.

Certainly Dr. Cornish's experiment was one of the most promising ever conducted in revivification. The last ever heard of it was an item stating that Lazarus III had been alive three months, and was apparently regaining his faculties. That was in July, 1934.

▲

DR. METALNIKOV of the Pasteur Institute in Paris discovered that when he destroyed the fifth of a caterpillar's multiple brains, the creature could no longer develop immunity to germs.

Surprised at this apparent connection between immunity and the central nervous system, Dr. Metalnikov devised an experiment in which guinea pigs and rats were inoculated against a disease at the same time a horn was blown or their ears scratched.

Two months later, after the immunity had completely worn off, the procedure was repeated, with horn blowing and ear scratching—but no inoculation was given. The animals at once regained their immunity. They had apparently been immunized by association, or as the psychologists say, by "conditioned reflex."

If this were true, the discovery would completely change the whole science of immunology, possibly even permit human beings to be re-immunized without inoculation. The experiment was vouched for by a number of other reputable scientists. It was last heard from six years ago.

In 1492 Pope Innocent VIII was sinking into senile lethargy. He was told by his physicians that he would regain his youth if his blood were replaced with that of young men. Three youths were hired for a ducat each, and the transfusion made.

The Pope showed some improvement—then died. However, his death proved nothing, as it was undoubtedly due to a technical error. The latest theories of senility agree with ancient superstitions that a man is as old as his blood. Alexis Carrel, in commenting on the experiment conducted on Pope Innocent VIII, mused: "It is strange such an operation has not been tried again."

Consigned to the depths of the world of superstition is the "water-witcher" or divining rod — that forked stick which is supposed, when handled by a professional "dowser," to indicate the presence of underground water or metal.

Dr. Charles Albert Browne of the U.S. Department of Agriculture decided to experiment with both rods and dowsers. He found that success was sufficiently frequent to be unexplainable by chance.

He reported so in *Science*. There was a very small tempest in a small teapot. It all happened in February, 1931.

Thought images were photographed before a group of scientists, including representatives from the University of California at Los Angeles, and Mt. Wilson Observatory. Dr. J. M. Crause of Oxford conducted the experiment—in 1932.

A fresh package of sensitized photographic paper was opened by the light of a ruby darkroom lamp. The sheets were then cut into strips. Each of the dozen people present held one strip to his forehead, and thought of some object.

Things thought of were: statues, pet dogs, crosses, Whistler's *Mother*. After three minutes' concentration, the strips were collected by one of the scientists. Next each person told what object he had concentrated on. Then the strips were developed. This processing was also done by an eminent scientist. All but two of the strips showed a photographic image. Many of the images were strikingly similar to the things thought about. Control strips on which no one attempted to impress thoughts were blank.

Repeated a week later, the experiment was also positive. Tried at the Mt. Wilson Observatory, it again gave results. All the scientists agreed that everyone was above suspicion, that fraud was practically impossible.

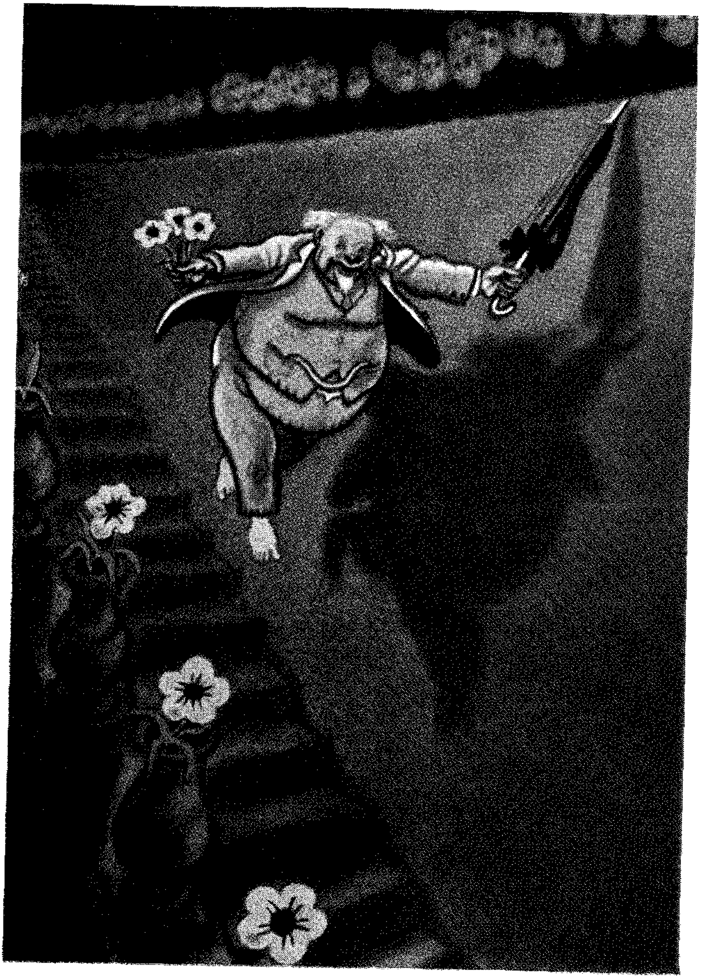
Anyone can repeat the experiment —if one case were proven genuine, half of psychology would have to be rewritten. —R. DeWitt Miller

AN INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

Sketches by

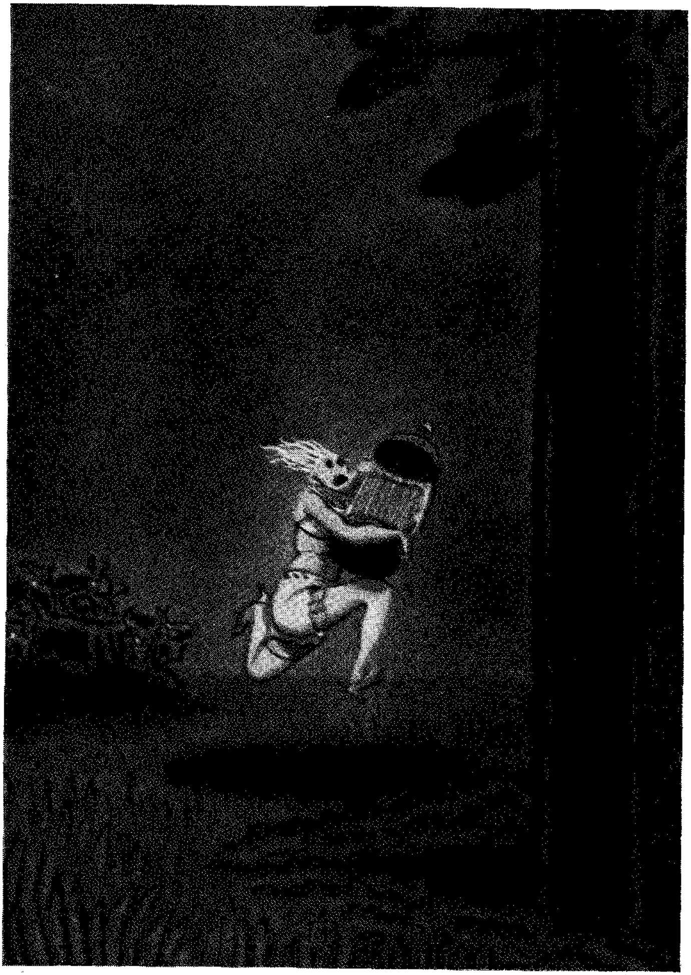
Jean Bruller

PAUL VALÉRY said, "Men are distinguished from one another by that which they show, and they resemble one another in that which they conceal." If that be true, the most universalized experience of man is the dream, for it is in dreams that the concealed desires and fears hold sway. But these emotions do not make themselves directly apparent; rather they emerge from the subconscious in strangely twisted manifestations. Taking a detour somewhere in the secret recesses of the mind, they transform themselves into symbols which must be translated with Freudian subtlety to be understood. In the sketches on the following pages, Jean Bruller has attempted to depict some of the most common of our dreams, adding his own interpretation of their meaning. Admittedly fanciful, admittedly on the pseudo-scientific side, these sketches are nevertheless almost uncanny in their approach to the atmosphere of unreality that marks the mystic world of dreams.



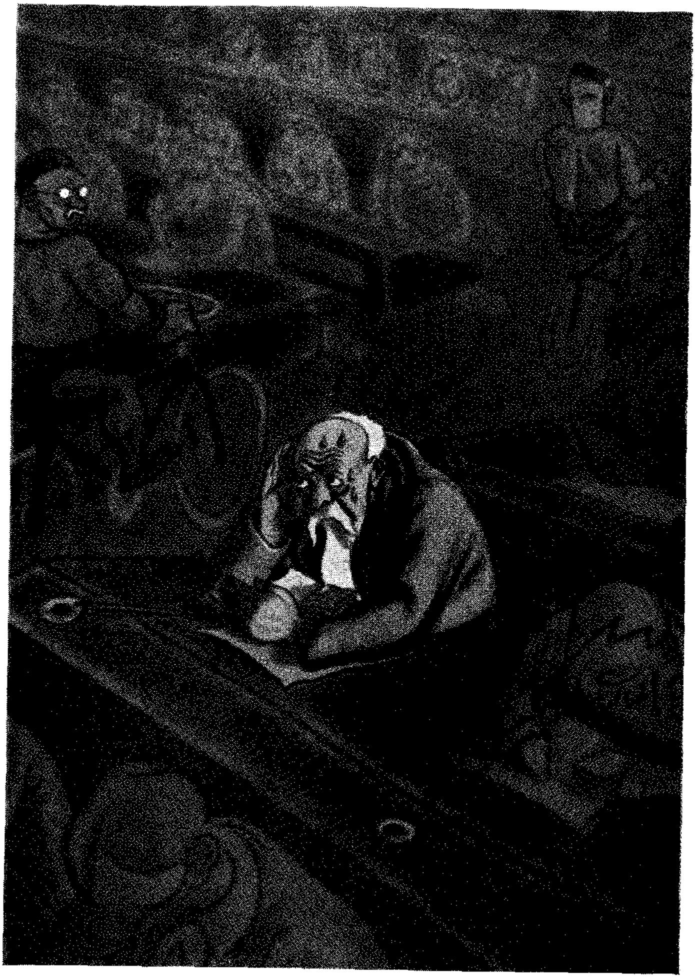
DREAM OF FLIGHT

Flight in a dream is here depicted as representing a voluptuous sensation. The feeling of buoyancy and the graceful descent along the path of the stairway are identified with sensual exhilaration. The flowers are tokens of pleasant associations. The dreamer has the impression of being observed by a large audience. These are interpreted as representing his friends, whom he impresses with his exceptional vigor at his advanced age.



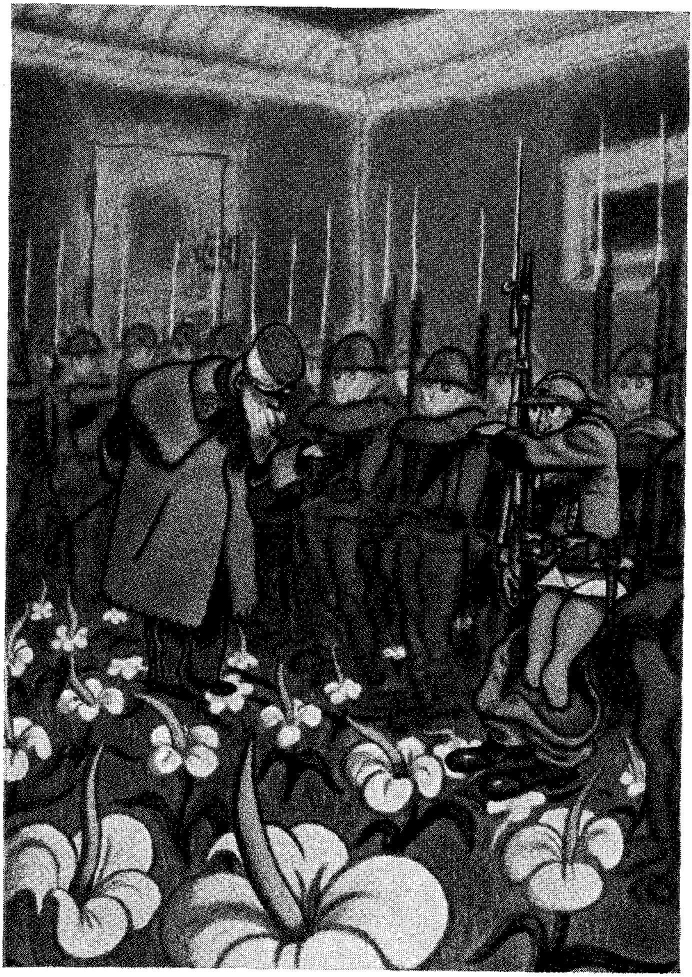
DREAM OF PURSUIT

The savage animals that pursue us in a dream, explains the artist, represent someone toward whom we feel desire but to whom we fear to surrender ourselves. The dreamer here holds a bird cage which impedes her flight from the beasts. She is perplexed whether or not to yield the cage to the wild beasts, but continues to flee in long, leaping bounds. Her decision, thus, is to take refuge in solitude and escape from her own desires.



DREAM OF AN EXAMINATION

This dreamer, who must write an examination, fears that he has forgotten the information necessary to pass it. He therefore fraudulently consults a "crib sheet," with sufficient skill (not to mention anxiety) to escape detection on the part of the monitors. He feels that only by cheating can he succeed in a difficult endeavor. And he justifies this with the thought that, since the others are children, he has a right to be the *most* wicked.



DREAM OF CONFUSION CAUSED BY NUDITY

The artist describes this as a dream he had before going into military service. A full dress review is held in a boudoir. In presenting arms, the dreamer's trousers fall to the floor, but he cannot prevent this without dropping his gun (psychological contradiction). Meanwhile, the general inspects the soldiers. The artist interprets the general as representing his father from whom he was then trying to conceal a secret undertaking.

Adventures of Children

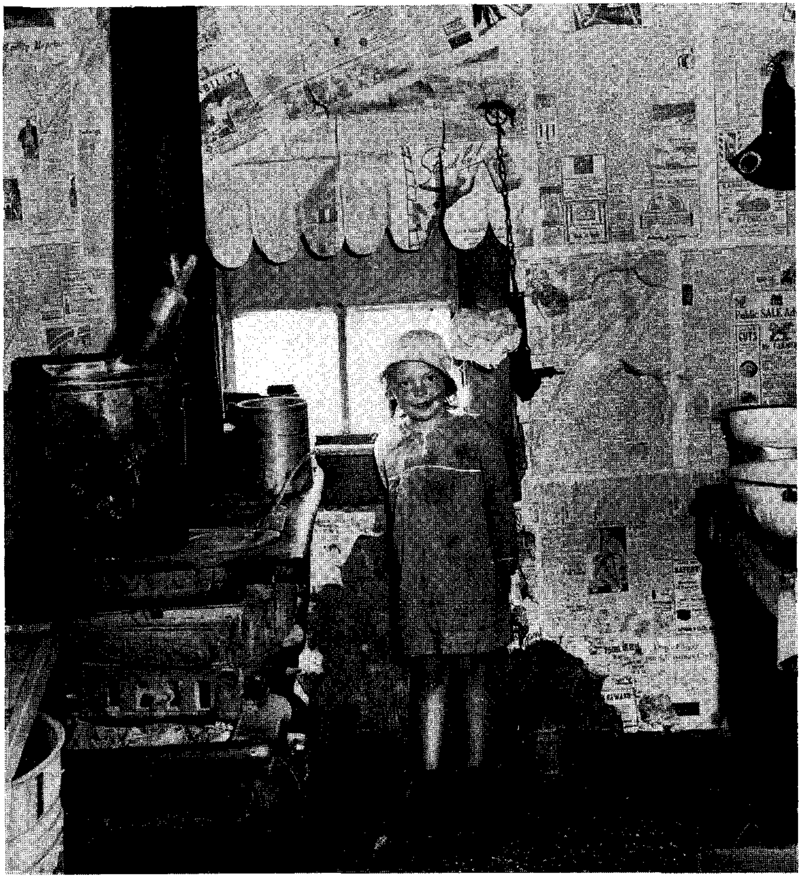
A PORTFOLIO OF PHOTOGRAPHS

Narrative by Muriel Rukeyser

They grow up in their own way in Bali,

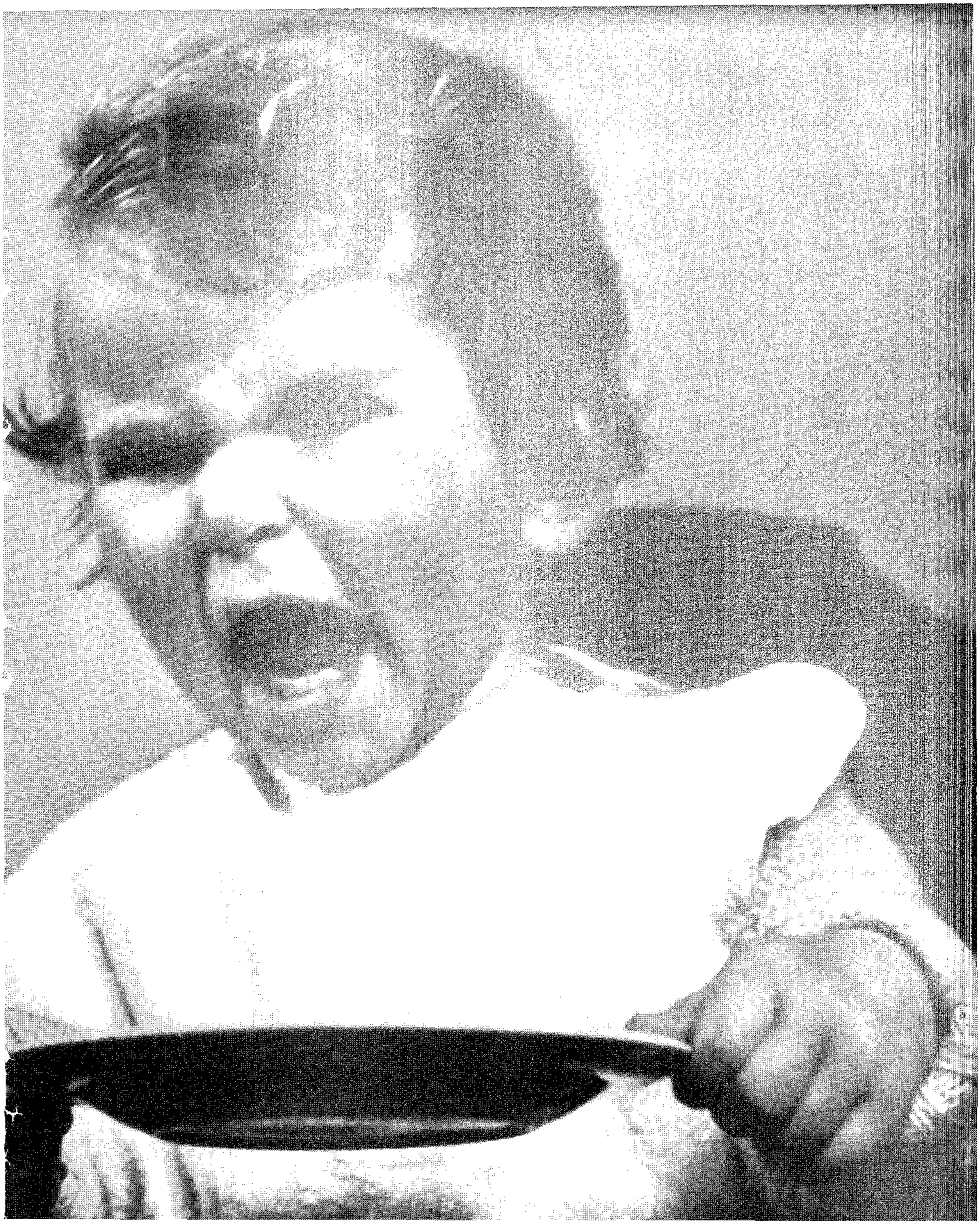
but our civilization has its rigors . . .

leading to many ends. She sits in a corner, in her plans of grace, moves to the middle of the room: and becomes a dancer of great art, singled out by the spotlight's discipline;

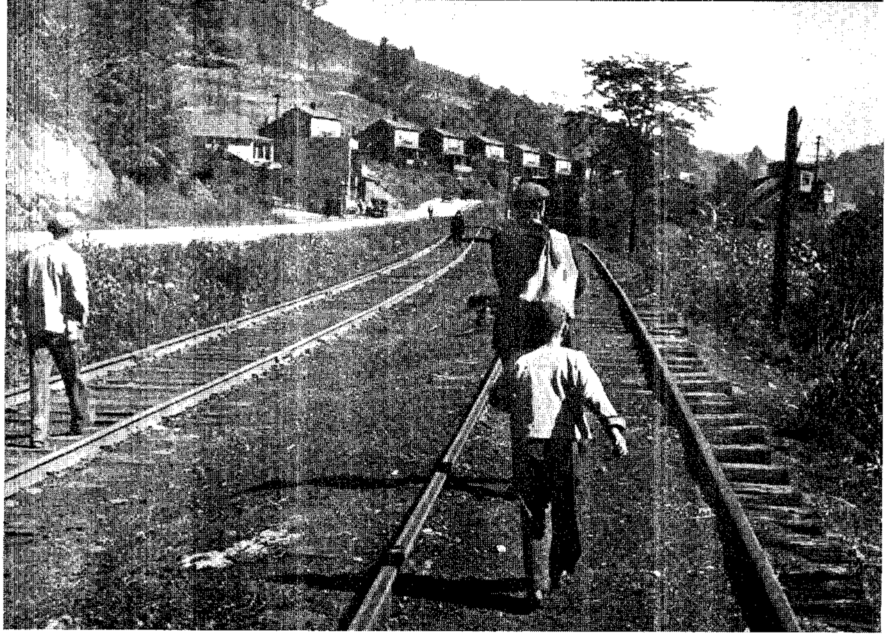


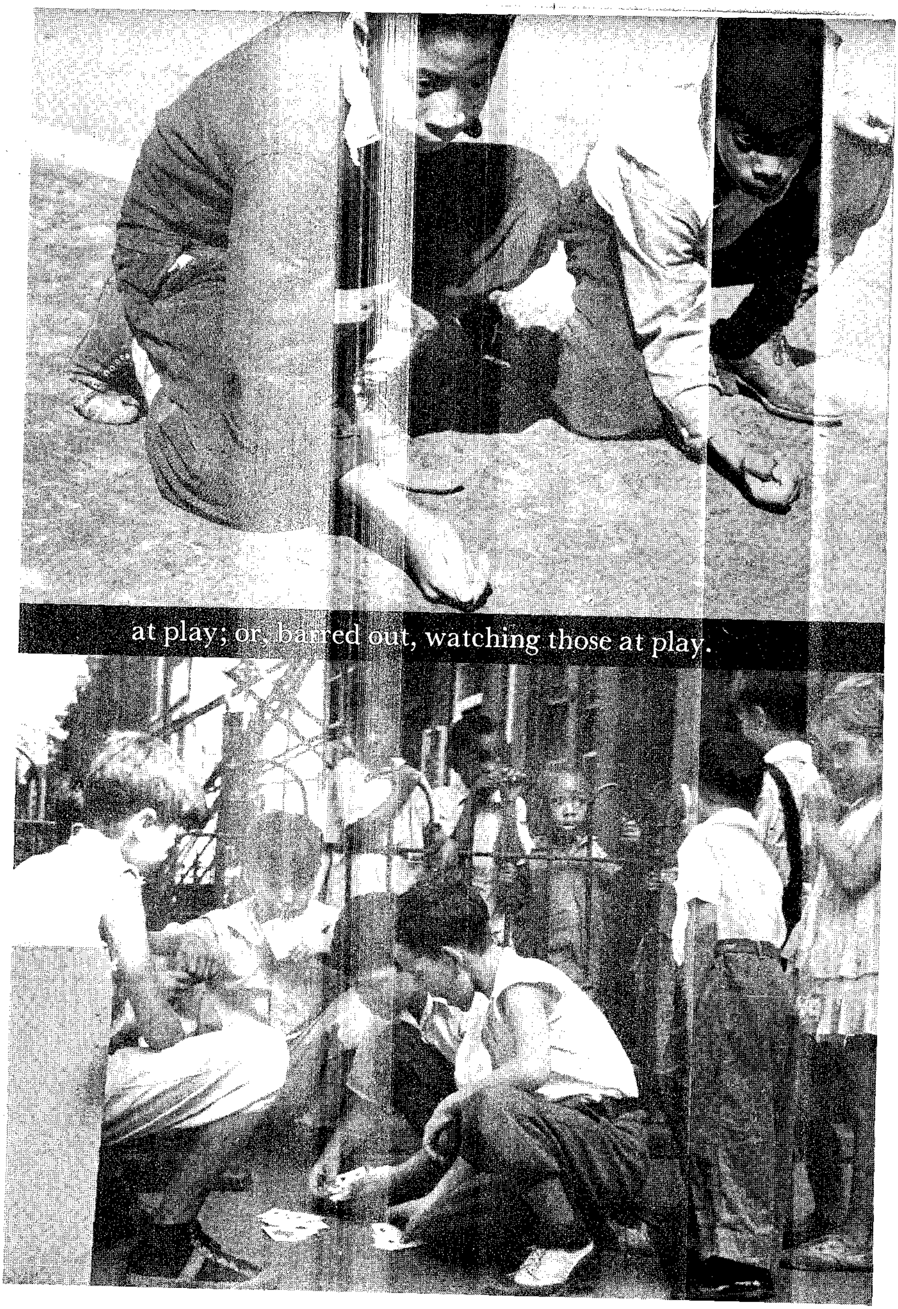
or she backs against the wall, she is lost in her past and her family; against this kind of decoration, against this life, she is hardly distinguishable from the furniture.

The child gives in, tries polite amusements, or he protests.

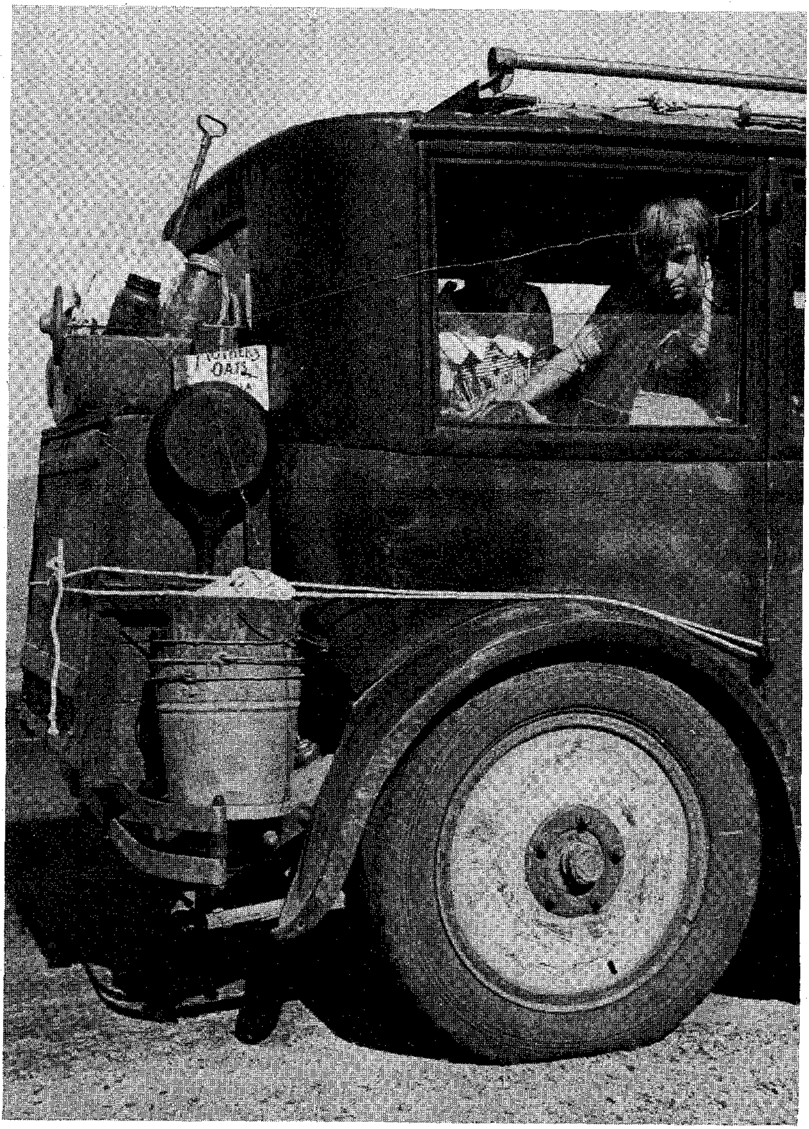


Learns what all children learn, somehow,

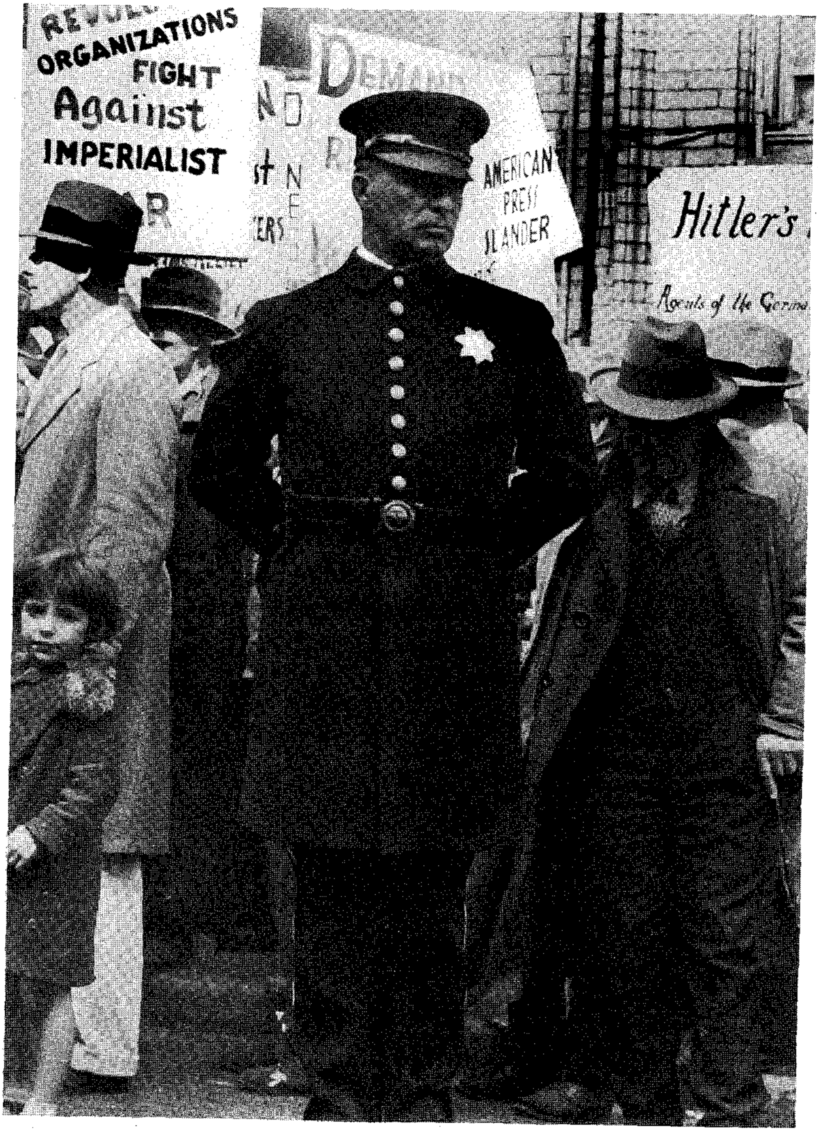




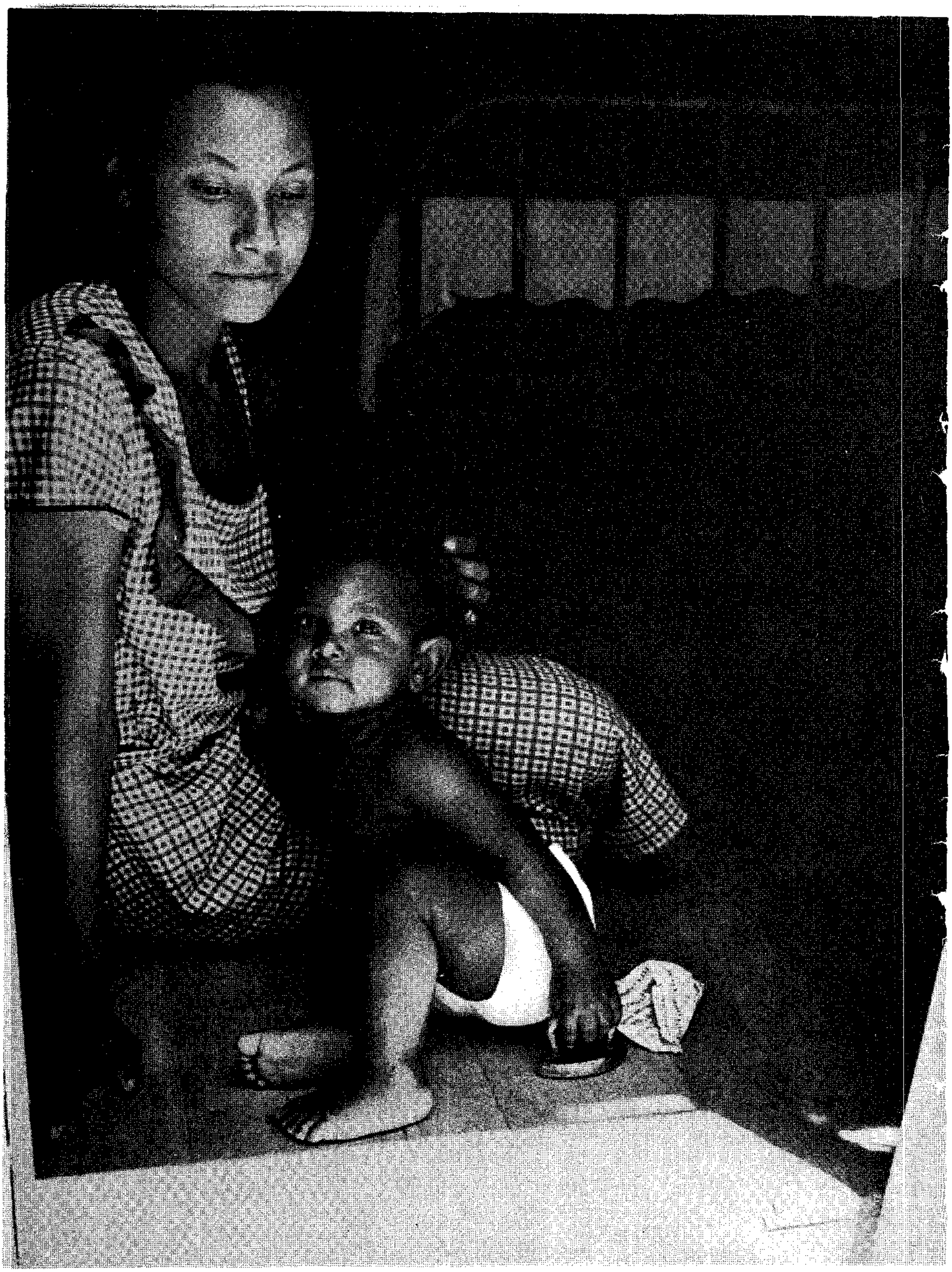
at play; or, barred out, watching those at play.

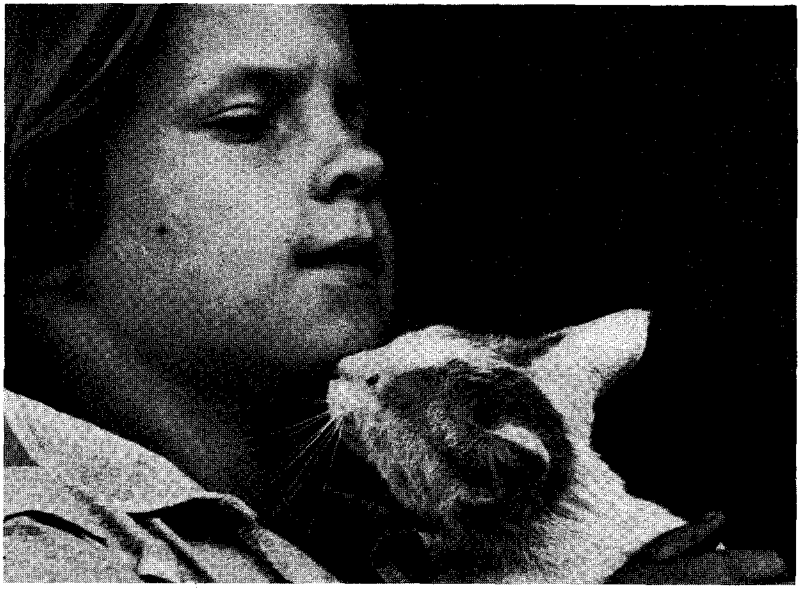


The child learns the adventure of the road,


ORGANIZATIONS
FIGHT
Against
IMPERIALIST
AMERICAN
PRESS
SLANDER
Hitler's
Agents of the

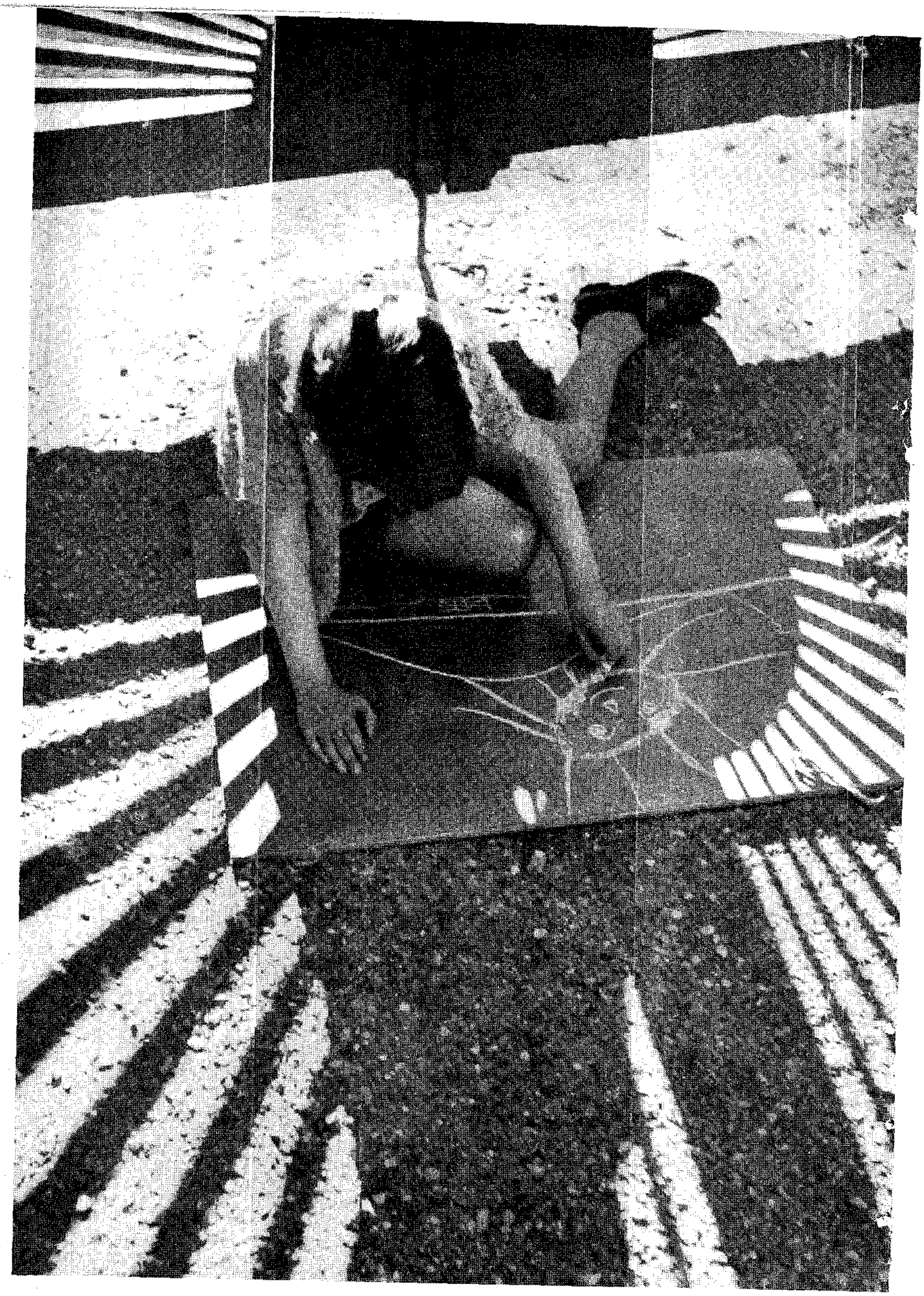
learns the adventures of the city street.





Some learn quickly. Many angrily. Many the wrong things. Being *with* teaches the most. Then the child is prepared for it all, comes to games and adventure and further contact in a difficult and risky growth, armed and ready, curious, more wise than the falsely learned . . .

ready to explore by himself or to be shown . . . ,



ready to make something out of adventure.

A LITTLE RADICAL, BUT—

WHEN A MAN MARKETS A GADGETLESS GADGET, HIS ORIGINALITY IS BOUND TO PAY DIVIDENDS

"GOOD-DAY, madam. Nice weather we're having, isn't it? Now I have here a little novelty that might interest you—the very latest thing. Madam, it's the Utopia Non-Combination can-opener. Look at this tool. Examine it closely. See? It's a can-opener, and it can't do anything else. Can't peel potatoes. Can't string beans. Can't unscrew bottle tops. No scissors attachment to enable you to cut package-strings. Won't do a darn thing but open cans. Nothing to get out of order. Nothing to bewilder you.

"Very good. Here you are. And now here's another priceless tool you can easily afford to be without—the handy one-purpose mop. See this, madam? It's a mop on the end of a stick. Use it to mop floors with. Absolutely non-detachable. You can't use the stick for a ski-pole, a rug-beater or a pike-staff. There's no vacuum cleaner attachment, and you positively cannot clean your car with this or convert it into a paint-spraying device. Just a mop.

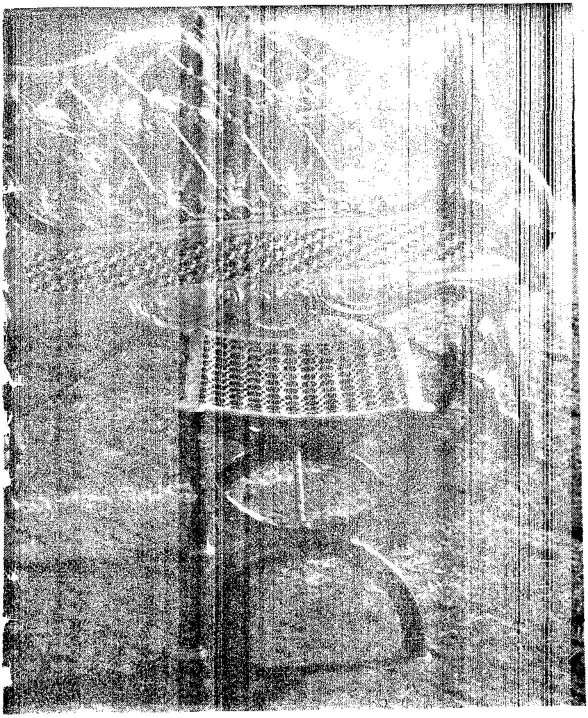
"Taking two, eh? Fine! Now then, let me show you the Little Wonder Frying Pan. Here's a pan that fries things. Won't bake 'em, roast 'em or broil them. It's round. Look closely, madam. See? There's no lever that converts it into a square roasting pan. No part that you can unscrew, and convert into a top to go over it. Anybody that would try to use this pan for anything but frying is crazy, madam.

"Well, that's grand. And just for all your trade, I'm presenting you this free gift, absolutely free. Here, madam, is nothing at all. What you do is put it on your telephone, and what happens? Your telephone still looks just like a telephone—not like a French doll, or a bird house. Next week I'm introducing a line of nothing—to put over cigarette packages so's they'll still look like cigarette packages." —TRACY PERKINS

THE GOOD TASTE TEST

Which Arrangement in Each Pair Is in Better Taste? Answers on Page 101

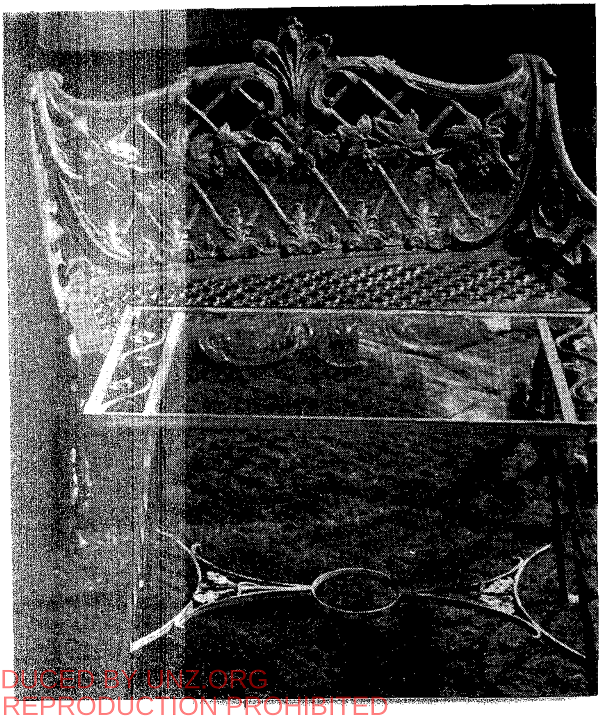
PERHAPS you have a garden, a terrace or a porch—possibly you even have a patio. In that event, you are fortunate enough to be able to spend part of your home life out of doors, and the problems set for you here have a practical application. Otherwise, you will have to regard them as academic questions. Either way, however, the process of fitting furniture to an outdoor setting, whether on your terrace or in your mind, is a rather specialized one. On the following pages are six groups of outdoor furniture, with wrought iron, cast iron, rattan and bamboo as the favored materials. All of the furniture, supplied by Abercrombie and Fitch, is correct for outdoor use, but you are asked to settle the question of effective ensemble by selecting whichever of the two groups on each page that you consider in better taste.

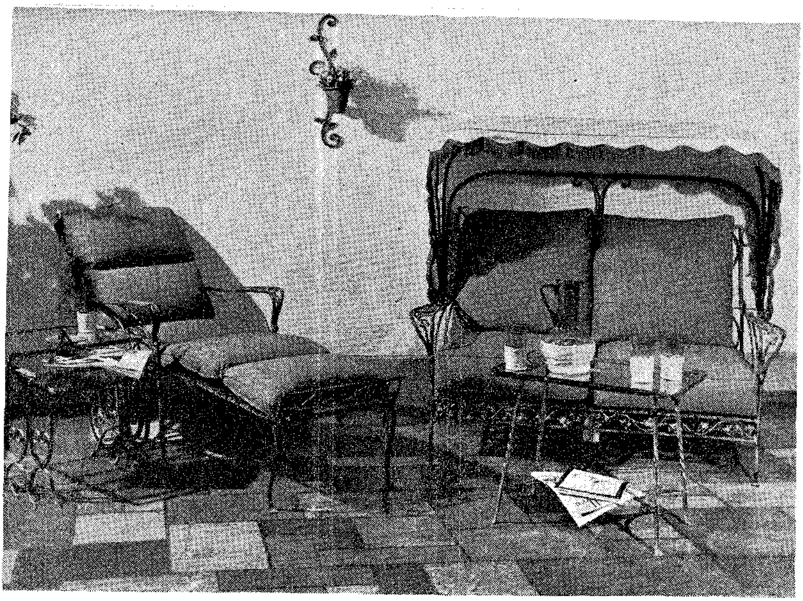


1 *Both pictures show a cast iron settee for the garden. To the left, it is accompanied by a footstool; below, by a coffee table. Considering the usual use that is intended for such a settee, which is the preferable partner—footstool or table?*

A

B

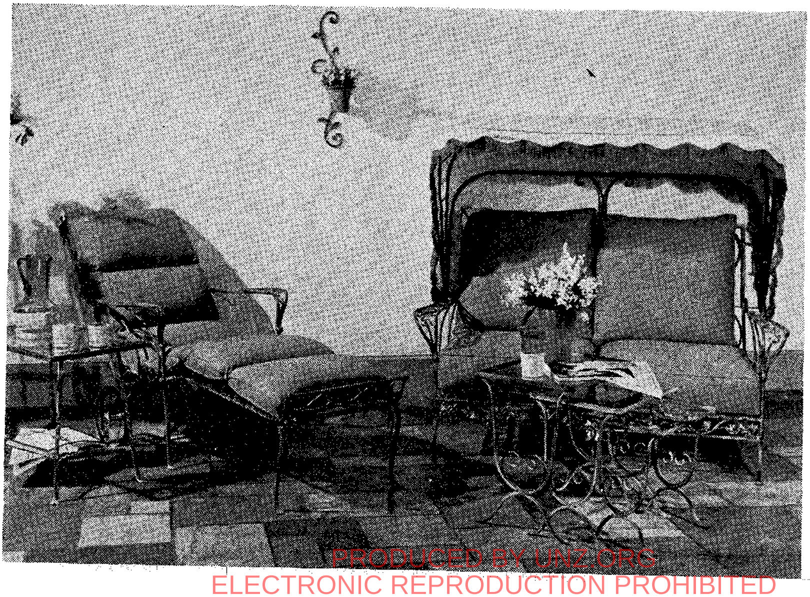


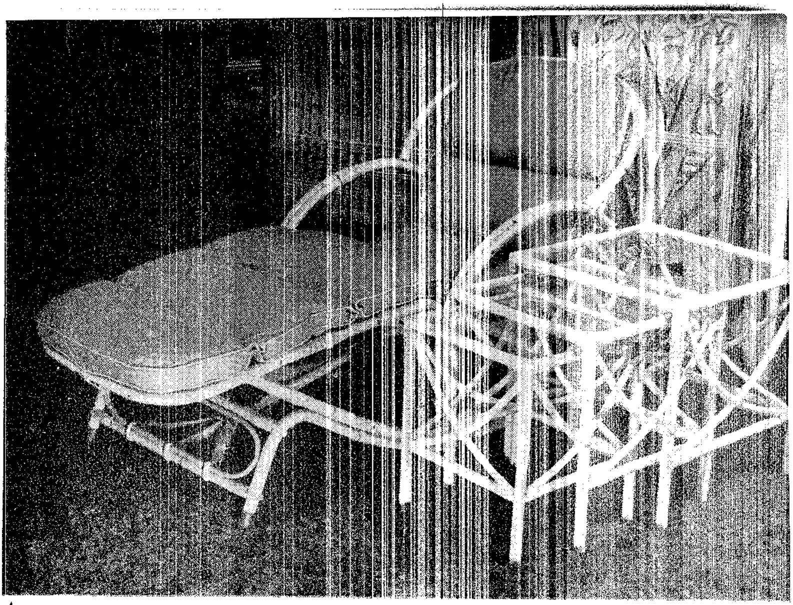


A

2 *A wrought iron terrace group. In both pictures, the articles of furniture are exactly the same, but they have been rearranged in top and bottom. Which grouping do you consider more convenient, less crowded and better arranged?*

B

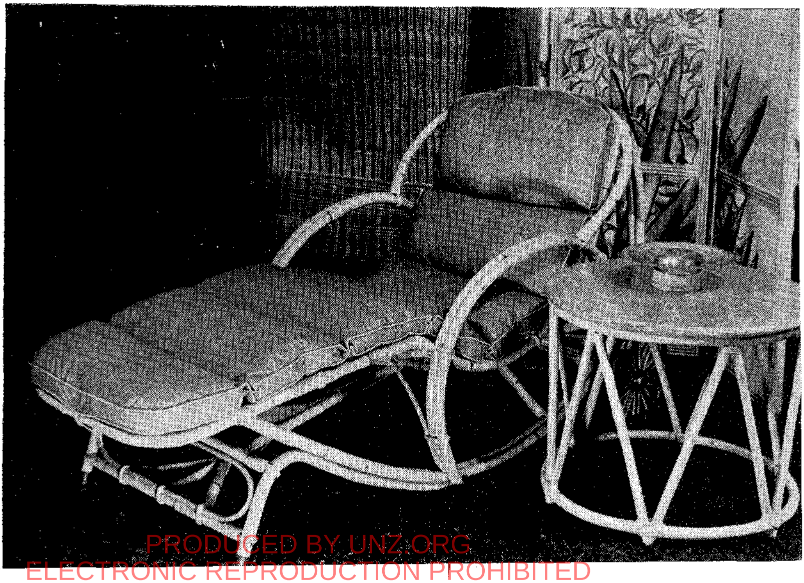


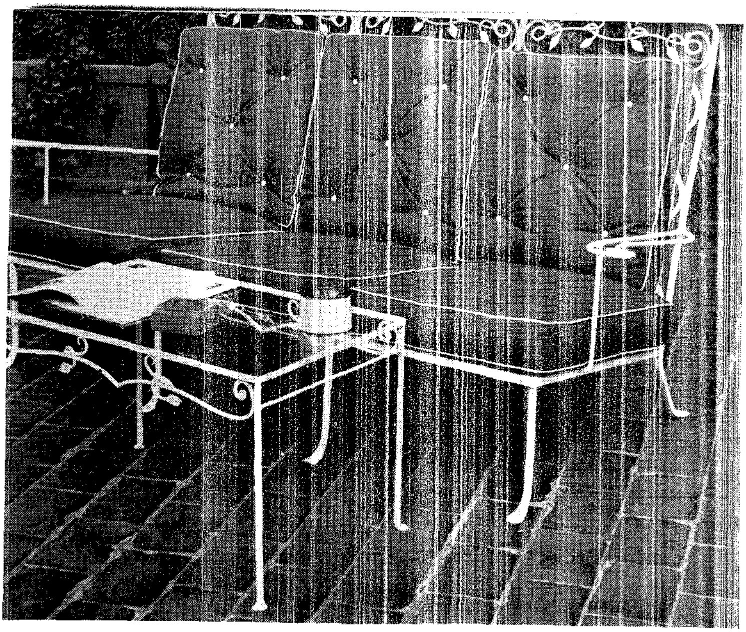


A

3 *The rattan chaise is the same in both groups. Above, it is flanked by a nested table, below by a "drum" table. Consider the purpose that the chaise is intended to serve, and decide which of the two tables is better suited to that purpose.*

B

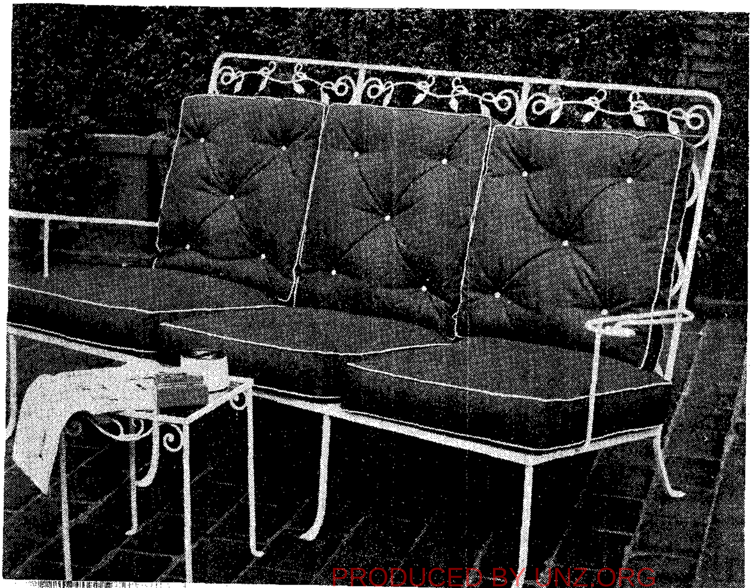




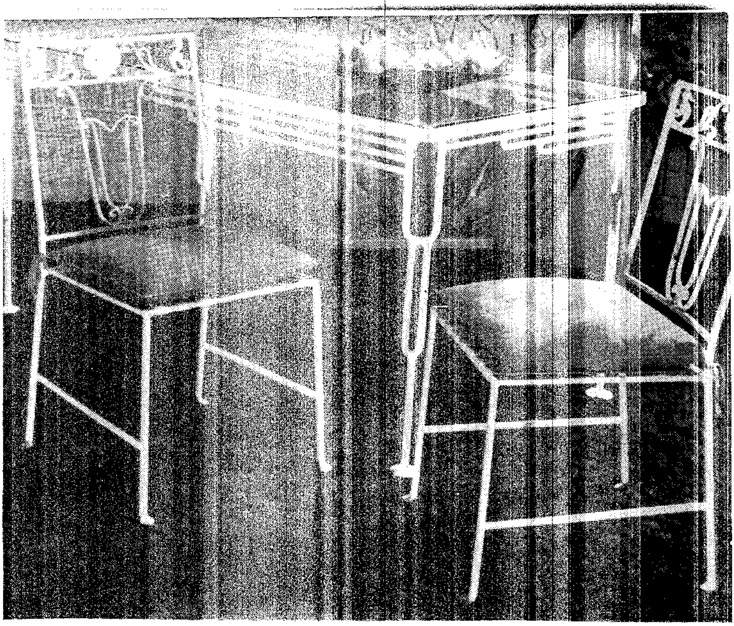
A

4 *A wrought iron settee for the terrace. Above, it is matched with a coffee table of identical design; below, it is accompanied by an occasional table of identical design. Consider proportion and function. Which of the tables is preferable?*

B

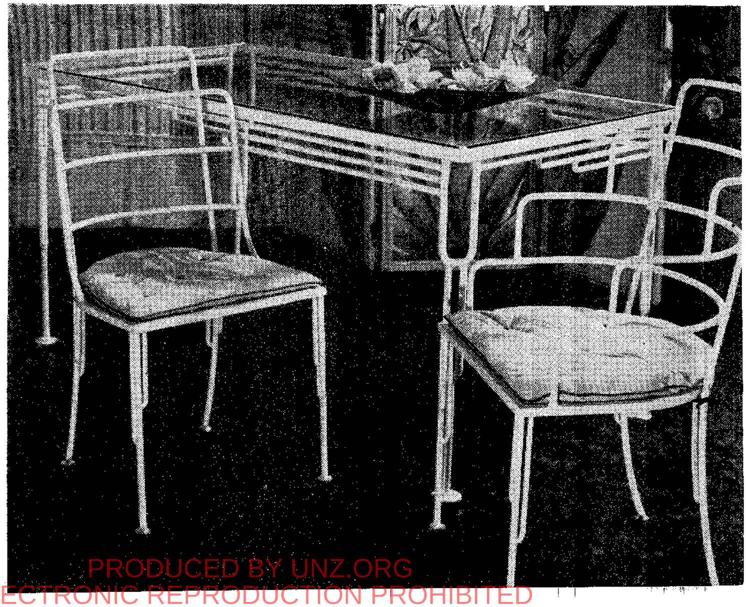


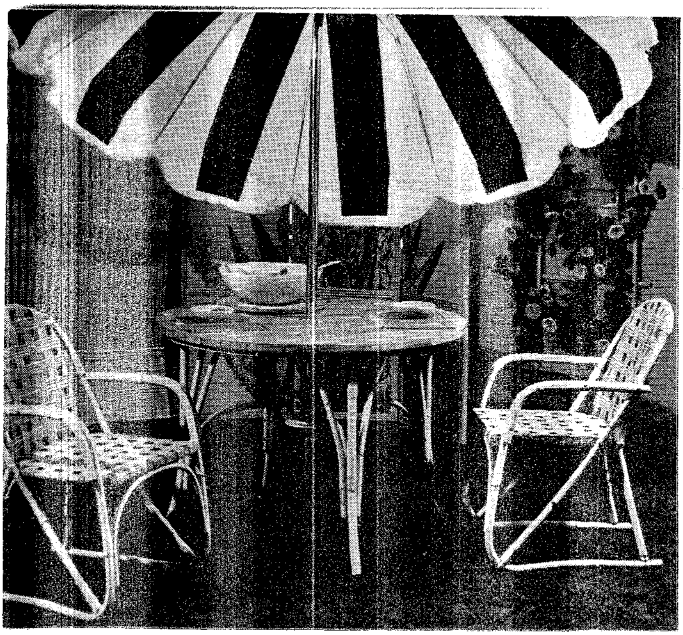
A



5 *The wrought iron table is the same in both pictures, but the chairs differ. Your choice as to which set of chairs is right for this table is dependent upon your eye for matching design, as well as your sense of functional effectiveness.*

B

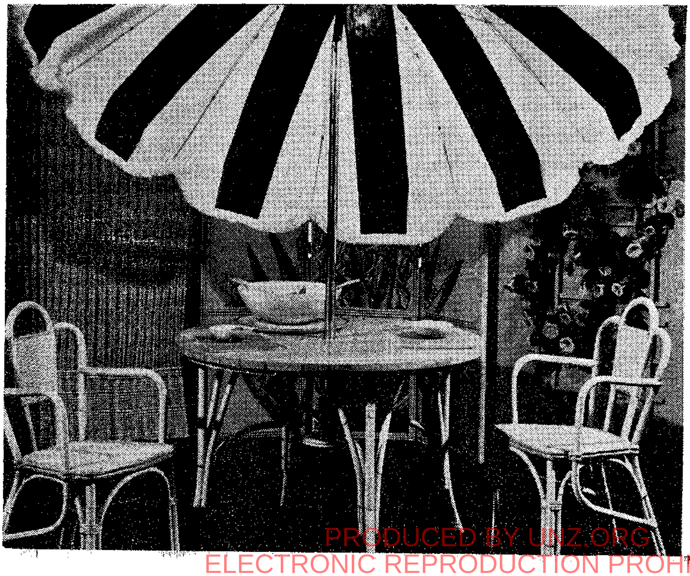




A

6 *A bamboo umbrella group for outdoor dining. The table and umbrella are the same in both pictures. Which set of chairs do you consider to be better suited to the table, as well as being better adapted to the rigors of outdoor dining?*

B



A SANE LOOK AT ALCOHOL

THE NEWEST EVIDENCE ON LIQUOR PROVES THAT MANY OF OUR TRUISMS ARE FALSE

ALCOHOL is probably man's oldest drug. It has brought increased pleasure in social intercourse to hundreds of millions of men and women. But it has also brought woe to many. It is not a stimulant to all. To some it is a depressant. And no one knows why. Thousands of men and women who were contemplating murder or suicide have taken a drink and laughed. A lesser number of thousands have taken a few drinks and moved on to tragedy. This mysterious difference in the effect of alcohol has been apparent for centuries, but it has nearly always been approached as a moral problem, stated approximately thus: "If you can't drink happily, don't drink at all."

But people do drink, whether happily or not. And now, for the first time in this country, science is attacking the problem of the effect of alcohol upon human beings precisely as it studies a disease caused by a microbe or germ. The American Association for the Advancement of Science undertook this Herculean job in October of 1938 and hopes to complete it early in 1940. Thereafter its definitive report will be available to all interested, including the village doctor of medicine who, at present, knows very little about alcoholism. Certainly less than one hundred learned men, who have had exceptional experience, know more about this centuries-old problem than all of the rest of the medical fraternity combined. Now they are engaged in pooling their knowledge in one volume. No doubt it will be a sensational volume, because it will begin by throwing into the wastebasket an astounding number of "facts" about the effects of alcohol that have turned out to have no foundation whatever.

I shall catalogue some of these, but not by way of saying go ahead and drink a skinful because the stuff can't hurt you. The importance of this study is to show that in millions of cases the damage can be cured. That much is known now by a few specialists. The recuperative powers of former drunkards who mended their ways should have suggested many years ago that perhaps there was something wrong with the ancient dogma that alcohol was a poison. And now let's get on to cataloguing:

For decades it has been assumed that alcohol alone was the cause of certain horrible forms of neuritis and paralysis that incapacitated the victim and were very painful. On this subject Dr. Karl M. Bowman of New York's Bellevue Hospital reports: "The principal cause of this condition appears to be a lack of Vitamin B-1." And Dr. Timothy Leary adds: "The alcoholic who exhibits these symptoms usually eats little during his debauches, or limits his diet to single foods; for example, baked beans or spaghetti." And he goes on to say that cases have been cured by supplying the needed vitamin even while the patients were given "their usual daily intake of large amounts of whiskey."

Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, it has been accepted as fact that overindulgence in alcohol caused insanity. And that fact is still accepted. But another fact has for centuries been overlooked. Thousands of persons suffering from impaired mental equilibrium have sought relief in alcohol when they should have sought scientific treatment. What you and I see is John Q. Citizen taking up whiskey in a big way, and presently in an asylum. But modern science doubts our prompt decision and is inclined to the theory that in many of these cases, and especially those showing great damage from relatively small amounts of alcohol, there is strong probability of previously existing mental illness.

When I was a little boy in school the temperance lecturer who visited us once a month always exhibited a picture that nearly drove me to jump out the nearest window. It was a gaudily colored representation of cirrhosis of the liver. This horrible disease, as everyone had known for many, many years, was caused solely by alcohol. But astounding new evidence now confronts the doctors. Dozens of derelict drunkards have been found dead in ditches and snow banks and hovels under circumstances that called for autopsies to determine whether they died of "natural causes" or were murdered. If the original theory had been correct, virtually all of them should have had cirrhosis of the liver. But very few of them had it. The disease is easily recognized; a bright high school boy should be able to detect it after a week's instruction. Scientists decided that something might be wrong with the ancient theory and began to experiment with treatment based upon the theory that cirrhosis resulted from a vitamin deficiency. The diseased livers responded immediately and amazingly to vitamin B. There are, however, certain types of cirrhosis of the liver that appear to be caused by alcohol, but not directly. The alcohol served as a solvent for poisons in the body and carried them to the liver where they, and not the alcohol, cause havoc.

The temperance lecturers to whom I listened as a schoolboy never mentioned pneumonia, because that subject was embarrassing to them. Alcohol, as they well knew, was then in general use as medicine in pneumonia cases. And it was considered marvelous for severe chest colds. Now it isn't. Existing evidence indicates that the heavy drinker is a veritable fertilized garden for pneumonia germs and has kicked away in advance about half of his chance for recovery. But for the new serum treatment, pneumonia would still be climbing toward new records among the principal causes of death. And most of the victims would be heavy drinkers, not those who must go to work under the open sky, regardless of the weather.

There is also challenging evidence that overindulgence in alcohol is a serious contributing cause of tuberculosis. It is a narcotic and it lowers vitality. It is a solvent and it helps to carry every poison in the system to every weak spot. Lowered resistance to ever-present germs paves the way to acute attacks by any existing germs.

Whether alcohol can cause epilepsy is doubtful, but there is evidence that it will cause epileptic attacks in persons who are on the narrow edge. And many of them have a tendency to drink. Here is a fog bank that science hopes to clear. Not very much is known about epilepsy, and still less about its relation to alcoholism as a possible cause.

What alcohol does to the kidneys is still a matter of debate. There is challenging evidence that it actually aids the kidneys in ridding the body of certain waste matter or poisons. And, according to Dr. Leary: "The claim that chronic nephritis (inflammation of the kidneys, Bright's disease) may be caused by alcohol has been practically dissipated by modern studies of nephritis."

There is also an impressive accumulation of evidence that alcohol does not cause arteriosclerosis. Some physicians are of the opinion that it may have a preventive or remedial effect and use it thus. But it has been amply demonstrated that raw whiskey, fresh from the still, and still smelling of the corn mash, will inflame the kidneys and cause serious damage. During prohibition a great deal of that sort of whiskey was consumed. And enough of it is still manufactured and sold, especially in the rural South, to constitute a public health problem.

Records of American life insurance companies, which now cover many decades, and millions of policyholders, show that "abstainers have a decidedly longer expectancy of life than non-abstainers." But Dr. Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, studied family records and concluded that moderate drinking did not tend to shorten life. On the contrary, he found a greater expectancy of life among moderate drinkers than among abstainers. As for those who overindulge, they invite so many disasters that it would be idle to discuss their obviously shortened life expectancy. The question of the life expectancy of the abstainer relative to that of the moderate drinker is, however, important. And not finally answered.

In view of the fact that alcohol has been in common use longer than any other drug, the number of blank spots in scientific knowledge about it is amazing. For example, there is no certainty as to which organ or organs of the body absorb, or metabolize, it. There is no certainty as to what they do with it. Certainly it arrives first in the stomach, but there is no certainty as to its effect upon digestion. Eventually, however, it must enter the cells of which the body is composed, in some form or other.

In spite of all the blank spots, a few important certainties seem to be apparent and, even though tentative, they are worth recording:

1. If alcohol destroys your appetite for food, there is something wrong with you physically. Alcohol should make you hungry.

2. If you drink and don't eat, often the case, you rob the body of essential vitamins, the lack of which alone would cause disease.

3. If a relatively small quantity of alcohol intoxicates you, and more especially, if it makes you scrappy instead of happy, and still more important, if it makes you feel very, very unhappy and weepy and inclined to suicide, you should take your suffering nerves to a competent psychiatrist for treatment, because your basic trouble is more serious than the momentary hangover.

4. If drinking invariably causes nausea there is something wrong; a physician could discover the focal point and prescribe a remedy. Meanwhile it is not safe to drink because vomiting aggravates the disorder. If it is very serious, an attack of vomiting may prove fatal.

The happy drinker, as E. H. Starling reported in his book, *The Action of Alcohol on Man*, "has obtained not only greater enjoyment of the meal, resulting in increased appetite and consequent improvement in the process of digestion, but the greater enjoyment is due to the fact that this small dose has given him repose of spirit from the endless little worries of the day's work."

The happy drinker serves as a sort of "control," to use the scientific term, in the study of problems of alcohol. There are hundreds of case histories of men who have drunk large quantities of alcohol over periods of thirty and more years, enjoying excellent health and functioning with slight, if any, impairment of efficiency. Heavy drinking is comparable to running the marathon—an endurance test. It is also comparable to what the automobile manufacturers do when they run stock cars at high speed, hour after hour, until something breaks. They want to find the weak spot. In the human being, alcohol discloses it. Anyway, this is the present theory. Decades ago alcohol alone caused the damage. It was a poison.

General practitioners of medicine might long ago have learned a great deal more about alcoholism but for the fact that the alcoholic is about the least desirable of all patients. He is usually a noisy pest and a nuisance. His is the call that comes at 4 a. m. when the temperature is fifteen above zero; and just as soon as he feels well enough to sally forth he will resume drinking. Morever, he is making a wreck of his life, losing his job, his business, his friends, and galloping toward bankruptcy. Not a desirable client for anyone. And the doctor, God willing, would like to earn his living. No general hospital welcomes the alcoholic; indeed, a large majority will not admit him. He disturbs the other patients and sometimes is actually dangerous.

Very few of the doctors now practicing have received much instruction on the subject of alleviating the woes of alcoholics. They and their instructors regarded the problem as essentially moral, rather than one for the doctor of medicine. And the record, in large part, still supports this attitude, because relatively few alcoholics have been cured by science, while thousands have been cured permanently by moral suasion and their own independent discovery that there were better ways to have a good time. In other words, they re-oriented their lives. The psychiatrists hope to assist many more thousands along this path.

Formal announcement by the American Association for the Advancement of Science of the study now under way was hailed with enthusiasm throughout the civilized world. The American Association for the Advancement of Science has 19,000 members and is ninety years old. It is not planning to launch a campaign; it is merely going to gather the facts and publish them. The scientists who will do the work are appointed by scientists and will report their findings to scientists; the findings will not be edited. All of the published reports of previous studies of problems of alcohol are in the files of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. They are being studied for such nuggets as they may yield, but a large part of them is overripe for the wastebasket.

The scientists are not out to prove a case for or against alcohol. Their job is to find out just what its effects are, direct or indirect, and report on them. If alcohol is absolved of certain old charges, it may be indicted on new ones. Dr. Hermann Bouman, professor of psychiatry of the University of Amsterdam, says: "Alcoholism is one of the three great diseases, of which the other two are syphilis and tuberculosis." Its cause, as well as its effect, and its possible cure, by attacking contributing conditions, will be considered.

When the final report crashes the front page headlines, as it will early in 1940, it will be one of the very few (if not, indeed, the only one) to say: "Here are the facts to the best of our knowledge and belief, Mr. Public. Use them in whatever way you see fit. Science rests its case; no propaganda."

—CHESTER T. CROWELL

ADULT BONERS

Overheard at the New York World's Fair

THE information clerk at the Long Island Station was stumped by a question put to him by a very nice elderly lady. "When do they feed the Lagoons?" she wanted to know.

A WOMAN who may have wandered from the Court of Nations to the Utah building asked host David R. Trevithick what language was spoken in Utah. And when told English, commented, "It's a British colony then, I see."

GREAT credit for exceptional poise and restraint goes to the officials of the Georgia building exhibited when the band helping them celebrate Georgia Day at the Fair broke into *Marching Through Georgia.* They merely gritted their teeth.

IT WAS a surprise to some visitors to the Bride's Home in the Town of Tomorrow to find a room decorated for a boy of twelve!

AFTER studying the Mercury bicycle exhibit in the Children's World a woman turned to Miss Eloise Hanmore, demonstrator. "Does the brake stop both wheels?" was her query.

A PUBLIC address system sponsored by the Fair gives valuable information about the varied services available. "We have guides who speak several languages," came from the loudspeaker recently, "for non-speaking visitors."

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

WHO SAID IT BEST?

THE GOOD THINGS MEN SAY LIVE AFTER THEM, THE CREDIT LINE IS OFT INTERRED WITH THEIR BONES

HERE is a list of fifty expressions so often repeated as to be almost proverbial. Unlike proverbs, however, their authors are known. Can you identify the persons who coined them as popular phrases? Each correct answer counts two points. A score of 40 is fair, 60 is good, and 76 or over is exceptional. Answers are on page 61.

1. At long last I am able to say a few words of my own.
   (*a*) Charlie McCarthy; (*b*) Dorothy Parker; (*c*) Edward VII; (*d*) Edward VIII
2. Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right; but our country right or wrong!
   (*a*) Theodore Roosevelt; (*b*) Grover Cleveland; (*c*) Stephen Decatur; (*d*) Nathan Hale
3. You may fool all of the people some of the time, you can even fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.
   (*a*) Dr. Francis Townsend; (*b*) P. T. Barnum; (*c*) Abraham Lincoln; (*d*) Woodrow Wilson
4. Confession is good for the soul.
   (*a*) Dr. Frank Buchman; (*b*) George Herbert; (*c*) Dr. Frederick A. Cook; (*d*) Oscar Wilde
5. England expects that every man will do his duty.
   (*a*) Duke of Wellington; (*b*) Lord Nelson; (*c*) Lord Cornwallis; (*d*) Gen. Burgoyne
6. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
   (*a*) James P. Pope; (*b*) Mae West; (*c*) Shakespeare; (*d*) Alexander Pope
7. Make hay while the sun shines.
   (*a*) The Bible; (*b*) Miguel Cervantes; (*c*) Francis Bacon; (*d*) Albert Bacon Fall
8. A little learning is a dangerous thing.
   (*a*) Shakespeare; (*b*) Charles

W. Eliot; (*c*) The Bible; (*d*) Alexander Pope

9. All's well that ends well.
(*a*) Oscar Wilde; (*b*) Homer; (*c*) Shakespeare; (*d*) William Franklin

10. Boys will be boys.
(*a*) Bulwer Lytton; (*b*) Lytton Bulwer; (*c*) James Whitcomb Riley; (*d*) Eugene Field

11. One good turn deserves another.
(*a*) Petronius; (*b*) Galileo; (*c*) Lord Monboddo; (*d*) Benjamin Franklin

12. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.
(*a*) Mother Goose; (*b*) Jonathan Swift; (*c*) Charles Dickens; (*d*) Henrik Ibsen

13. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.
(*a*) Queen Victoria; (*b*) William Wallace; (*c*) Robert Bruce; (*d*) Margaret Sanger

14. Truth is stranger than fiction.
(*a*) William R. Hearst; (*b*) Rudolf Erich Raspe; (*c*) Lord Byron; (*d*) Daniel Defoe

15. Revenge is sweet.
(*a*) Aaron Burr; (*b*) William Painter; (*c*) Benedict Arnold; (*d*) Charlotte Corday

16. What this country needs is a good 5c cigar.
(*a*) W. C. Fields; (*b*) Uncle Joe Cannon; (*c*) Will Rogers; (*d*) Thomas R. Marshall

17. Do as you would be done by.
(*a*) Mrs. Emily Post; (*b*) The Bible; (*c*) Lord Chesterfield; (*d*) Benjamin Franklin

18. Life begins at 40.
(*a*) Peggy Hopkins Joyce; (*b*) Walter Pitkin; (*c*) Dorothea Brande; (*d*) Dale Carnegie

19. It takes two to make a quarrel.
(*a*) Neville Chamberlain; (*b*) Socrates; (*c*) Plato; (*d*) Bismarck

20. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
(*a*) John Pierpont Morgan I; (*b*) McGuffey's Reader; (*c*) James Howell; (*d*) Jackie Coogan's mother

21. The public be damned.
(*a*) William H. Vanderbilt; (*b*) Marie Antoinette; (*c*) Ivar Kreuger; (*d*) James J. Hines

22. United we stand, divided we fall.
(*a*) King Richard II; (*b*) Aesop; (*c*) Marc Antony; (*d*) Benjamin Franklin

23. The female of the species is more deadly than the male.
(*a*) Shakespeare; (*b*) Queen Elizabeth; (*c*) Rudyard Kipling; (*d*) Damon Runyon

24. There's no place like home.
(*a*) C. A. Lindbergh; (*b*) Grover Bergdoll; (*c*) John

Howard Payne; (*d*) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

25. Damn the torpedos . . . go ahead!
(*a*) Casey Jones; (*b*) David G. Farragut; (*c*) George Dewey; (*d*) Capt. James Lawrence

26. I came, I saw, I conquered.
(*a*) Hannibal; (*b*) Julius Caesar; (*c*) Elsa Maxwell; (*d*) Gen. Lafayette

27. A man must indeed be a hero to appear such in the eyes of his valet.
(*a*) Noel Coward; (*b*) Lord Chesterfield; (*c*) Joseph Forward; (*d*) Nicholas Catinat

28. War is hell.
(*a*) Woodrow Wilson; (*b*) Stuart P. Sherman; (*c*) William T. Sherman; (*d*) Stonewall Jackson

29. O Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name.
(*a*) Bernarr Macfadden; (*b*) Patrick Henry; (*c*) Eugene V. Debs; (*d*) Mme Marie Roland

30. There is such thing as a man being too proud to fight.
(*a*) Gene Tunney; (*b*) Abraham Lincoln; (*c*) Ernest Hemingway; (*d*) Woodrow Wilson

31. If this be treason, make the most of it!
(*a*) Benedict Arnold; (*b*) Mata Hari; (*c*) Patrick Henry; (*d*) Leon Trotzky

32. O! what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions—time!
(*a*) Henry R. Luce; (*b*) Duke of Buckingham; (*c*) Duke of Windsor; (*d*) Sir Walter Raleigh

33. Friends, Romans, countrymen: Lend me your ears.
(*a*) Matteoti; (*b*) Mussolini; (*c*) Shakespeare; (*d*) Marc Antony

34. Eureka! Eureka!
(*a*) Archimedes; (*b*) Walt Whitman; (*c*) Elbert Hubbard; (*d*) Savonarola

35. An enemy conquered is not subdued, and will always hate his new master.
(*a*) Alexander the Great; (*b*) Napoleon; (*c*) Eduard Benes; (*d*) Genghis Khan

36. The ideal state is that in which an injury done to the least of its citizens is an injury done to all.
(*a*) Thomas Jefferson; (*b*) Solon; (*c*) Franklin D. Roosevelt; (*d*) Plato

37. Damn your principles! Stick to your party!
(*a*) John Nance Garner; (*b*) William Jennings Bryan; (*c*) Benjamin Disraeli; (*d*) Winston Spencer Churchill

38. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. (*a*) Gen. Jacob Coxey; (*b*) Gen. U. S. Grant; (*c*) Gen. Robert E. Lee; (*d*) Gen. William Booth

39. We have met the enemy, and they are ours . . . (*a*) Gen. Luigi Cadorna; (*b*) Lieutenant Oliver Hazard Perry; (*c*) Commodore Matthew Perry; (*d*) Admiral John Byng

40. These are the times that try men's souls. (*a*) Thomas Girdler; (*b*) Thomas Paine; (*c*) Lucy Stone; (*d*) Emmeline Pankhurst

41. There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty. (*a*) Sam Goldwyn; (*b*) Helena Rubinstein; (*c*) Antoine Berryer; (*d*) Brigham Young

42. I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country. (*a*) Nathan Hale; (*b*) Haym Salomon; (*c*) Edith Cavell; (*d*) Capt. James Lawrence

43. I have not begun to fight! (*a*) Joe Louis; (*b*) Admiral Farragut; (*c*) Brig. Gen. George A. Custer; (*d*) John Paul Jones

44. It is the right of our people to organize to oppose any law and any part of the Constitution with which they are not in sympathy. (*a*) Earl Browder; (*b*) Alfred E. Smith; (*c*) Abraham Lincoln; (*d*) Jefferson Davis

45. Gentlemen prefer blondes. (*a*) Jean Harlow; (*b*) Stanley Baldwin; (*c*) Anita Loos; (*d*) Dorothy Parker

46. Blood is thicker than water. (*a*) William Harvey; (*b*) Lizzie Borden; (*c*) Alexis Carrel; (*d*) Josiah Tattnall

47. I awoke one morning and found myself famous. (*a*) Charles A. Lindbergh; (*b*) Richard Halliburton; (*c*) Lord Byron; (*d*) George Bernard Shaw

48. Love is blind. (*a*) Chaucer; (*b*) Mrs. Jimmy Durante; (*c*) Dorothy Thompson; (*d*) Shakespeare

49. Out of sight, out of mind. (*a*) Homer; (*b*) Sally Rand; (*c*) Harry K. Thaw; (*d*) Shakespeare

50. It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. (*a*) J. R. Planche; (*b*) Wallis Warfield Simpson; (*c*) Victor Hugo; (*d*) Dorothy Canfield Fisher

COMPANY FOR CAPRA

A NEW DIRECTOR WAS BORN WHEN HOLLYWOOD GAVE YOUNG GARSON KANIN HALF A CHANCE

About once every four years somebody comes along and gives the motion picture industry a jolt. In 1935, a young director named Frank Capra brought life back to the movies with a picture called *It Happened One Night*. Ever since then the industry has been longing for it to happen again. It happened again recently at the preview of a picture called *Bachelor Mother*. The audience of professional know-its came out of the theatre wiping tears of laughter from their eyes. They said, "100 per cent." Even the sourest of the critics reporting on the picture were sold. This puts him right up alongside Frank Capra, was the general verdict.

"Him" is a wizen-faced youth with a Pinnochio-body, R.K.O.'s wonder-boy, Garson Kanin. And his arrival at the top was not altogether unexpected. For Mr. Kanin is that same lad who last fall slipped across a B picture containing practically a no-star cast, a picture named *A Man to Remember*, which, instead of going from the first-run theatres down the line to the second runs and the grind houses, climbed by popular demand from the cheap theatres to the palaces.

Moreover, it was a picture that delighted the cinema intelligentsia, for in it they saw vital problems of ordinary life brought to the screen with understanding and beauty. It was the story of a country doctor, whose practice was on the wrong side of the tracks, and of a certain battle he put up against the medical stuffed shirts of his county.

"Good," the know-its said, "but after all—maybe it was a freak." The question was: could Garson Kanin repeat? The first picture had been done on a $110,000 budget, which is scarcely carfare money on a big production. So then the studio gave Kanin a little more money and John Barrymore who, at the moment, wasn't the draw he used to be, and Peter Holden, a kid actor who had made good on the stage in *On Borrowed Time*, but needed to be tried out in films.

This time Kanin made *The Great Man Votes*, a folksy story of a rundown professor, which put Barrymore up on top again. And the know-its said, "The boy can repeat, he knows his stuff. He has something." Still, they wondered whether Kanin's talent wasn't limited to the literary type of film, the film for the more discriminating audiences. The question now was could he turn out a sockeroo, could he make a big-budget film pay?

So this time they gave him Ginger Rogers and a $650,000 budget—not yet even in the million-dollar class. And a story without any social message whatsoever. In fact it is just a story of a department store girl marrying her boss. Kanin took the old boss-marries-clerk situation and proved he had the universal touch, for unless all the know-its don't know anything, *Bachelor Mother* is destined for the biggest box office of the season.

Three times is no accident. Garson Kanin knows exactly what he is up to. For this director has learned theatre from the ground up, and the ground was a farm in New York's Catskills. In 1927 the Kanins owned a little farm in an area practically convulsed with summer resorts. Garson, then about 14, had his same old-looking, triangular, solemn head on a body like a stick. He and his older brother Michael became quite popular on the porches of the small resorts, as Garson could toot a saxophone, and Michael could go along on a banjo.

In the midst of one summer the peculiar functionary known as "social director" at one of the borsht-circuit summer resorts in the Catskills (see *Having Wonderful Time*) gave out, and the desperate proprietor called on his neighbors, the Kanins, to lend him son Michael.

But Michael was too shy to entertain professionally. "Try Garson," he said, and a Hollywood director was born. Up till then Garson was destined to become a great criminal lawyer. But he stuck a big cigar in his mouth (to look older; he didn't smoke) and went over and became a social director. He was good enough to keep the job all summer, and that meant he had the gift of theatre, for a social director at a summer resort has to be a singer, a playwright, a diplomat, and often a waiter.

By the next summer the Kanins had decided "why hire out?" So they turned the farm into a summer resort. Everything was fine except that they didn't have room for enough people to really make it pay. So began a big building program on the Kanin farm. That was 1929, the crash, loans called, bye-bye resort, and Michael Kanin went to New York and got a job as scene-painter in a burlesque house. And one day the scene-painter persuaded the boss to give his brother, a great actor, a chance. So Garson Kanin went on as a burlesque comic.

The scene-painter, now a writer at RKO, shakes his head ruefully. "I took one look at him out there and decided, No, not for Gar." So Garson was sent to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in New York, to learn high class theatre.

He got through, with the aid of his saxophone and a few orchestra and vaudeville jobs. He got through so well that they called him back to become a member of the faculty.

But meanwhile he was going places in the theatre. George Abbott had spotted him; soon he was Abbott's production assistant, working on such hits as *Three Men on a Horse*, *Brother Rat*, *Room Service;* then he was directing Abbott road companies.

It was Beatrice Kaufman, wife of the noted playwright George Kaufman, who decided Kanin was what Hollywood needed. She confided this to Sam Goldwyn who, in 1937, offered Kanin a job as director. Garson couldn't make up his mind whether to go. "As far as money is concerned, Hollywood was no real temptation," he says today. "I was doing very well, as by that time I was getting cut into the Abbott productions." He didn't want to go unless he could approach the motion picture creatively. From the first, he was no movie-sneerer. He saw the film as the art medium with the greatest potentialities. He recognized the limitations, the censorship, the need of producing material with so wide an entertainment base that its selective quality could not be very high; yet, like all the great directors, he felt that the limitations were in a measure a blessing, as they drove the motion picture creator to find the most universal terms of appeal, and the greatest arts have consistently been universal. In other words, he didn't want to go unless he was to take pictures seriously.

For a year, Garson Kanin was employed by Samuel Goldwyn.

He directed no pictures. Mr. Goldwyn told him to "get acquainted with the studio," gave him an office, and Mr. Kanin never got another assignment. Others might have turned this situation into the usual Hollywood joke about the checks that keep on coming long after a man has fled to Europe. But Garson Kanin thought it was fine. He found plenty to do. He went through the film library and had all the great old films run off, and studied them. He went on the sets and followed through productions, until he was familiar with every man's task, from electrician to cutter. "I don't know what I did for Goldwyn that year," he says, grinning, "but he gave me the greatest education a man could want, in pictures."

Then he got a chance to direct at RKO, a little picture, with a good, but no-star player, an old character actor named Edward Ellis, to carry a picture called *A Man to Remember*.

He has shown himself master of cinema, from the social documentary pathos of the Ellis and Barrymore characters to the good-humored, sophisticated kidding of *Bachelor Mother*. He has proven he knows every trick in the laugh-bag, and that he knows the greatest trick of all: how to pop them out so they are fresh and new.

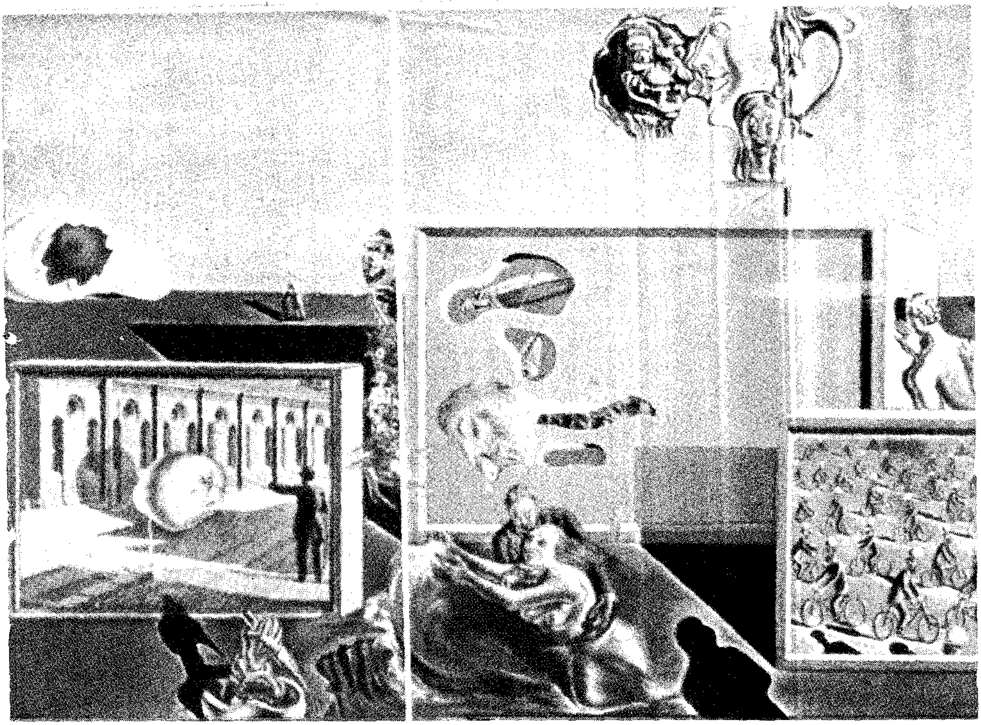
He didn't have to wait for the preview of *Bachelor Mother*. On the night of the preview, Garson Kanin was on his way to Europe, to look at refugee camps. For his next picture, called *Passport to Life*, is in the top budget class, has Cary Grant for a star, and, most important of all, gives Garson Kanin a chance to use the motion picture, which he knows to be his proper art-form, a chance to say something big. —MARTIN LEWIS

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 54-57

1. D
2. C
3. C
4. B
5. B
6. D
7. B
8. D
9. C
10. A
11. A
12. B
13. B
14. C
15. B
16. D
17. C
18. B
19. B
20. C
21. A
22. B
23. C
24. C
25. B
26. B
27. D
28. C
29. D
30. D
31. C
32. B
33. C
34. A
35. D
36. B
37. C
38. B
39. B
40. B
41. C
42. A
43. D
44. B
45. C
46. D
47. C
48. A
49. A
50. A

SOURCES OF MODERN PAINTING—I

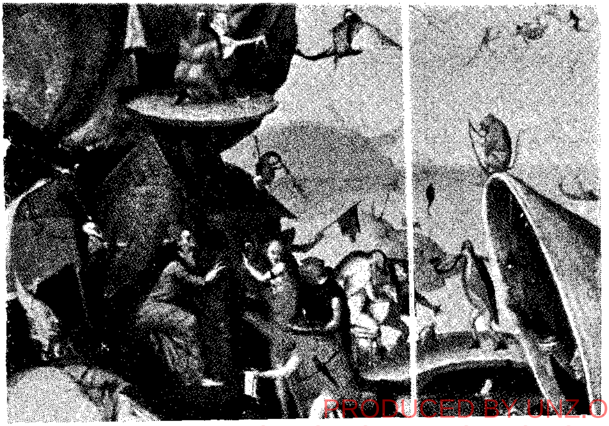
PERHAPS the chief complaint of the antagonist of modern painting, at least subconsciously, is its apparent egotistic break with tradition. Nothing of the sort quite occurs. Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* was modern in 1863, and it evoked a tremendous storm of reaction against its untraditional treatment. Today, thanks to the decades that have passed, we can perceive it as a worthy lineal descendant of the recumbent nudes of the old masters. Rather than wait until the year 2015 before we can view present-day paintings in their proper historical perspective, the Boston Institute of Modern Art has attempted to hasten the process of enlightenment by assembling a representative collection of contemporary paintings, each one compared to an older work from which it stems directly or indirectly. The reproductions on the following pages are selected from this collection, and a similar group from the same collection will be shown in the October issue.



COLL. OF SIDNEY JANIS, NEW YOR

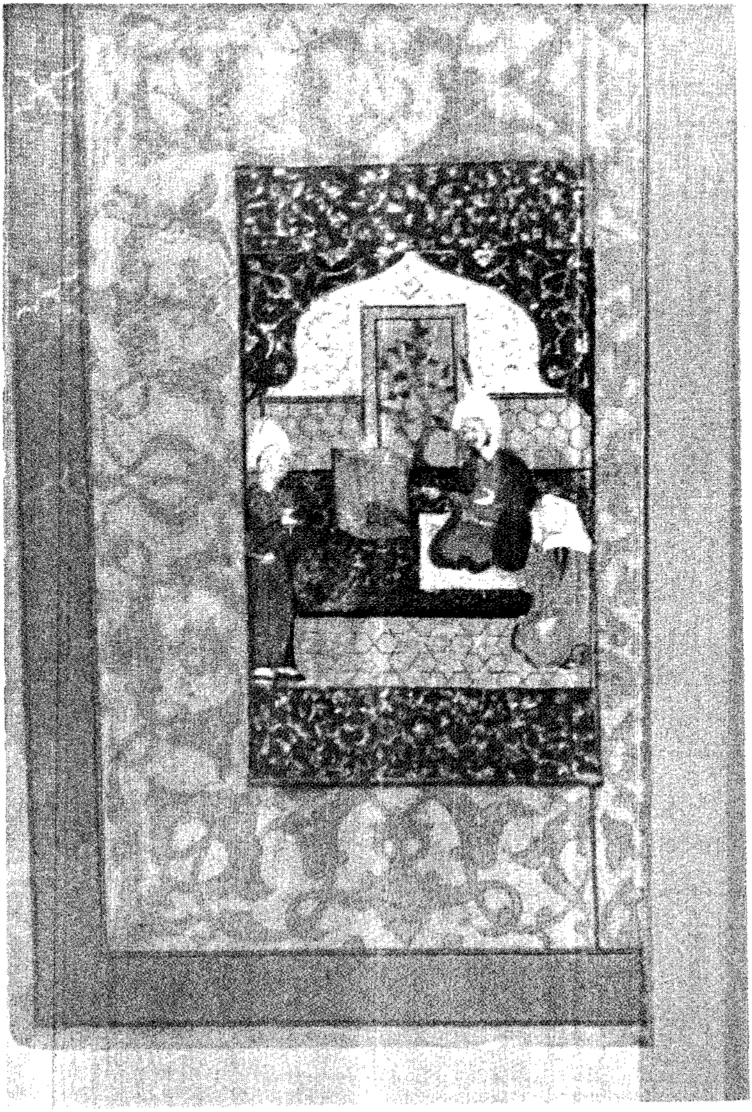
ILLUMINATED PLEASURES BY SALVADOR DALI (BORN 1904)

The spirit of fantasy that marks the work of the Surrealists is by no means unique with them. Yet, in its outright surrender to the subconscious and in its stark cynicism, Surrealism is still comparatively original. Its real debt to the past is a technical one: the manner in which its proponents, such as Dali, have adopted the minutely detailed technique of Hieronymous Bosch, Mandijn and others of their school to accent the physical reality of supernatural visions.



THE TEMPTATION
OF ST. ANTHONY
BY JAN MANDIJN
(1500-1560)

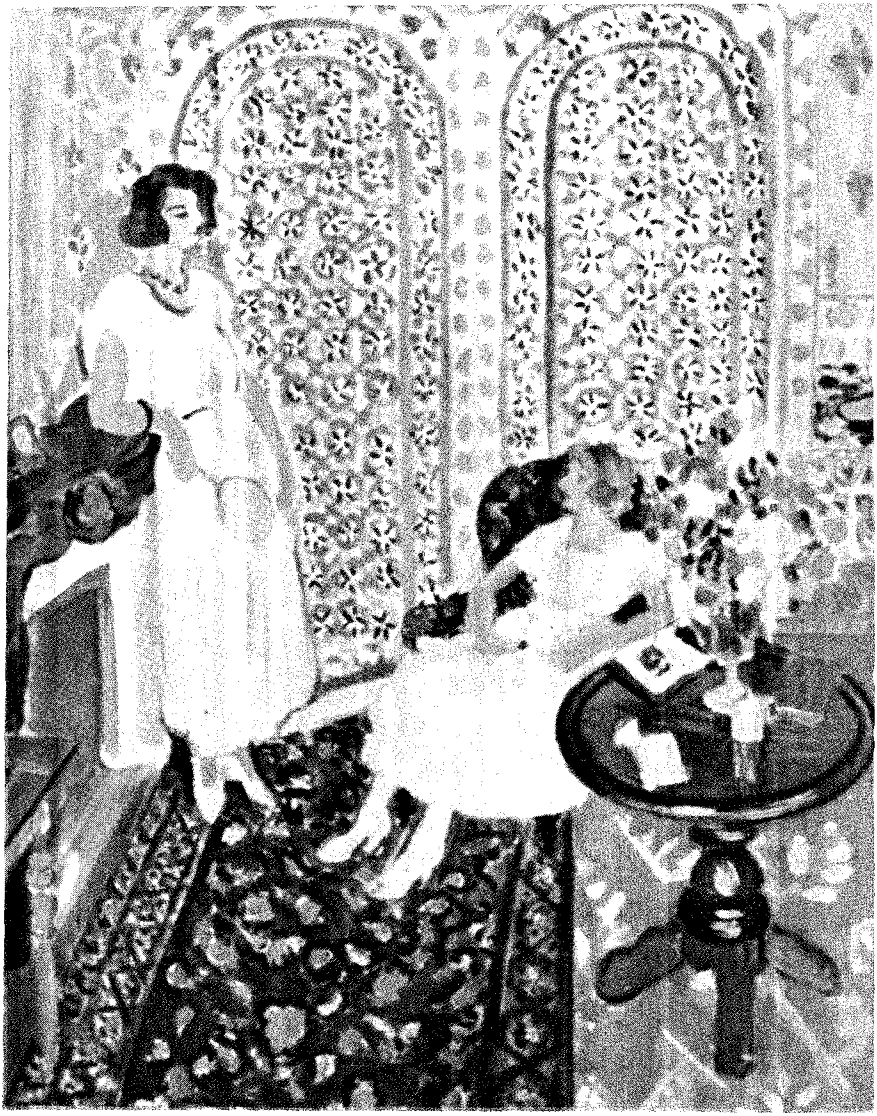
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, HARTFORD, CONN.



FOGG ART MUSEUM, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

EAST PERSIAN MINIATURE, XVI CENTURY

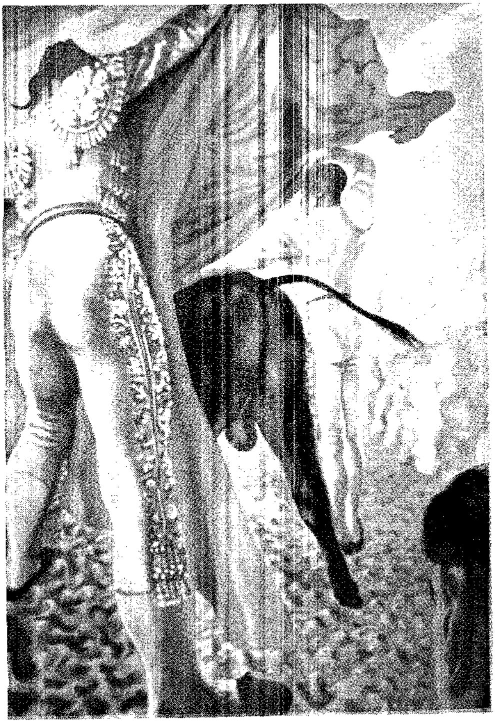
That Matisse deliberately studied the art of the Near East for application of its principles to his own work is well known, and in fact his decorative flair is strikingly Oriental. In the *Moorish Screen*, Matisse has cleverly adopted the pictorial construction of the Per-



COLL. OF ROBERT TREAT PAINE, II, BOSTON

THE MOORISH SCREEN BY HENRI MATISSE (BORN 1869)

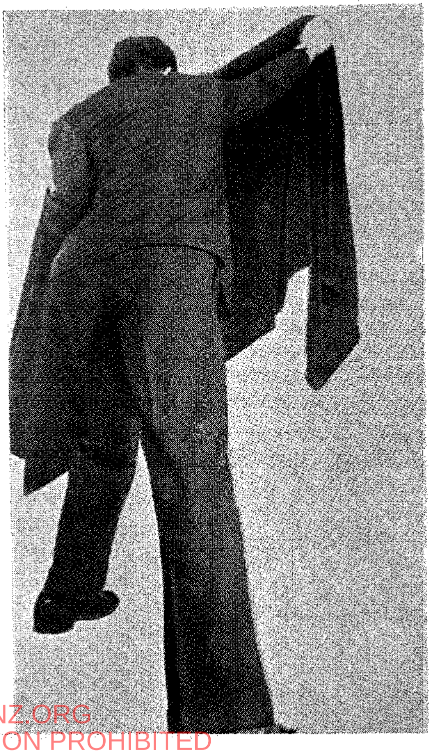
sian system, illustrated by the 16th century Persian miniature—the juxtaposition of over-all patterns, worked out on a varying scale. He has, however, added to a flat pattern some measure of western interest in the play of movement in three-dimensional space.



JULIEN LEVY GALLERY, NEW YORK

BULL FIGHT BY PAVEL TCHELITCHEW (BORN 1898)

The mechanical basis for the striking perspective of Tchelitchew's painting is made clearly apparent by the photograph of a figure in a similar pose, taken at an angle of acute foreshortening. This trick or, to use a more complimentary phrase, *tour de force*, derives from photography but has here been transferred to canvas with considerable skill in a clever portrayal of a peculiarity of photographic vision.

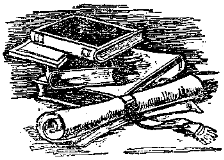


PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERPRETATION OF FIGURE DISTORTIONS IN TCHELITCHEW'S "BULL FIGHT"

J. S. CLOUD, BOSTON

BEYOND COLLEGE BY ARMCHAIR

UNIVERSITY MAY GET YOU TO FIRST BASE BUT IT TAKES A LOT MORE TO COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT



NEARLY everyone has observed that many college graduates are not educated. Indeed, it frequently happens that the only way to know if a man you meet on a Pullman car or elsewhere has been to college is to ask him. The reason college doesn't "show" on him is probably that he considered himself a finished product when he got his diploma and has made little effort to educate himself thereafter. On the other hand, we all know many men and women who never had much formal education and yet are highly educated—as a result of intelligent reading.

Education is perhaps a little like playing a fiddle; you can't master it once and for all and then rest on your laurels, but must keep on practicing. I know a man who always seems to be more familiar with the fundamentals of history than most people and I asked him for the explanation. He said he made it a practice to re-read at least once a year a compact textbook on general history he had used in high school—and when he had thus refreshed his memory about the main outline, he would read a book or two, maybe in the form of biography, about whatever phase of history now arouses his special interest.

It is probably true that anyone endowed with intelligence and the priceless trait of curiosity is almost sure to become educated. He'll do a lot of reading, not from a sense of duty, but because he can't let it alone. The fact is that a person could hardly be considered uneducated even if the books he had read were surprisingly few—provided he read the right books with intelligence and understanding. Just what these few books should be is a question. Old Dr. Eliot of Harvard compiled a list of books for a five-foot shelf and surely no one was ever harmed by reading them all; but did anyone ever do it? Certainly to one not accustomed to much reading, many of those on the five-foot shelf would seem drearily dull. Perhaps a list of less than a dozen important books might give an intelligent person more real education than most people have. I was talking recently with a man who had been yanked from comparative obscurity not so long ago to be a candidate for an important political office.

"You know," he told me, "I have never done much reading. In college I read what was assigned to me, but I was at an age when countless other things interested me more than books and today I can't recall a single thing I learned at college. There must be half a dozen books that, if I were to read them, would open up a whole new horizon. But what are they?"

His question set me to thinking. I tried to compile a list of half a dozen books that might make my friend an educated man. Not wishing to trust my own judgment, I began to ask various keen thinkers as I met them, what books they had to suggest. Not one of these was quite sure of what so small a list should be, but all had suggestions of books that *might* be one of the six. The final selection is still to be made. Several titles were proposed over and over again. In fact, no one to whom I put my query failed to suggest Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*. This book may doubtless be called one of the best argumentative essays ever written. In aiming to prove that taxes should be assessed only on land, the author heaps up thought-provoking material as he goes along and the reader, whatever he may finally think about the main thesis, at least is awakened to what has been going on about him and has an idea, if he didn't have it before, of why material progress and poverty have marched along together. At the same time, the reader senses that the author has written English that *is* English; that the arguments could hardly have been presented with more swing and vigor or with choicer phrasing.

Another book invariably suggested by the wise men I asked was Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*. If this little volume (now available in a low-priced edition) doesn't make a reader more perspicacious, more aware of some of the absurdities all about him, nothing would. The reader will get laughs from Veblen's wit, though the style is pompous—because Veblen thought it funnier that way.

Other books proposed for a small list to make a man educated were:

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles and Mary Beard. Here is history not only humanized but presented in a style that makes the story of America read like a novel. Having read this, one will hardly wish to miss Charles Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution.*

Folkways, by William G. Sumner, one of the greatest men ever on the Yale faculty, is sociology presented in a way to bring an awakening to anyone who has grown up in a conventional atmosphere. Here one learns that "right" and "wrong" are flexible terms, varying according to time or place; and also that standard ideas or beliefs should sometimes have more careful scrutiny than they are getting.

In *The Mind in the Making*, by James Harvey Robinson, the author combines sociology and psychology in a manner aimed at popular appeal. His most strongly accepted beliefs, the reader discovers, are not those he has arrived at through logic, but are more likely to be those he has never examined at all.

Outline of History by H. G. Wells —still one of the best short cuts to a glimpse of history in general.

Lincoln Steffens' *Autobiography* —a fascinating life story that gives the best explanation available of why our politics is what it is.

Principles of Psychology by William James—probably the most readable book on the fundamentals of psychology and one of the best means to an understanding of human behavior. Having familiarized himself with psychology via James, then the reader may be ready to try to understand the principles of psychoanalysis as presented by Freud.

Darwin's Origin of Species—the most influential book written in the nineteenth century.

Adam Smith's *Inquiry into the Causes of the Wealth of Nations*—the starting point for the study of economics and political science.

Capital by Karl Marx—the book that foretold, several decades in advance, the present capitalist crisis in the world, with explanations of why it was bound to come; the book that is today the Bible for one country occupying one-sixth of the world's surface.

The Prince by Machiavelli—the first attempt to study politics, realistically and scientifically.

Frazer's *The Golden Bough* — a treatise on how religion grew from superstition to a philosophy.

History of the Standard Oil Company by Ida M. Tarbell—the story of how the world's greatest private corporation got started and grew, by one of the best researchers America has produced.

The present list, being small, has not included either fiction or poetry. If a reader were seeking, for the first time, fiction that can not only interest but stir thinking processes, a starting point might be almost any novel by Anatole France. Even a brief list of fiction titles would probably include Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, Arnold Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale*, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, and *Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain. If essays were added, then one might start with almost any of the prefaces to his plays, by George Bernard Shaw. Here is debunking at its best and the reader is obliged to pause and wonder if some of the things he has always believed should be examined further.

Probably anyone seeking to become educated should read a good book or two on the histories of art and music; and also a good work on health and diet. Some one may ask himself why I have not included the Bible. The answer is that the Bible is pretty well known and the chances are that it does not need special recommendation.

Now, the trouble with so varied a list of books as have been mentioned here is that few persons not already omnivorous readers are likely to tackle them all. Those public libraries which provide readers' advisory service find that the way to the heart, or head, of one who has been a non-reader is not by a variety of subjects, but through one subject that greatly interests him. It may be a book on gardening, or carpentry, or it may be a piece of fiction. One woman I know of chanced to read Lin Yutang's *My Country and My People* and became so interested in China that she went to the library to find what she might read to gain a general knowledge of the Chinese. She went through such books as *The Chinese, Their History and Culture* by Latourette, and *The Economic Foundations of China* by Cressy. Then she branched out and began to read books on Chinese art and literature, philosophy, and religion, customs, and finally she read everything she could get hold of on present day conditions. Today she might almost call herself an authority on China. Which recalls a remark I once heard that anyone who will read for an hour a day on almost anything, may at the end of a year pass as a fairly good authority on that subject. He may not know all there is to know about it, but he will know so much more of it than his neighbors do that he might well be accepted as an authority.

A good educator once told me he thinks education, whether in college or by general reading, consists of four main steps:

1. Hunting—trying to find whatever it is you think you're going to need.
2. Recognition—knowing what you're after when you see it.
3. Valuation—knowing the relative worth of material you gather.
4. Using—knowing what to do with your material after you get it.

In other words, a person trying to read intelligently must do for himself what a good editor does for his reading public: he must lay down a policy for himself and after determining roughly what he's trying to do, hunt, weigh, and use.

The reason most of us do not gain as much from reading as we might is probably that we have failed in one way or more in the four steps just mentioned. We read without much idea of what we're after, don't always recognize that which is important when we see it, don't acquire enough sense of values or don't use what we find.

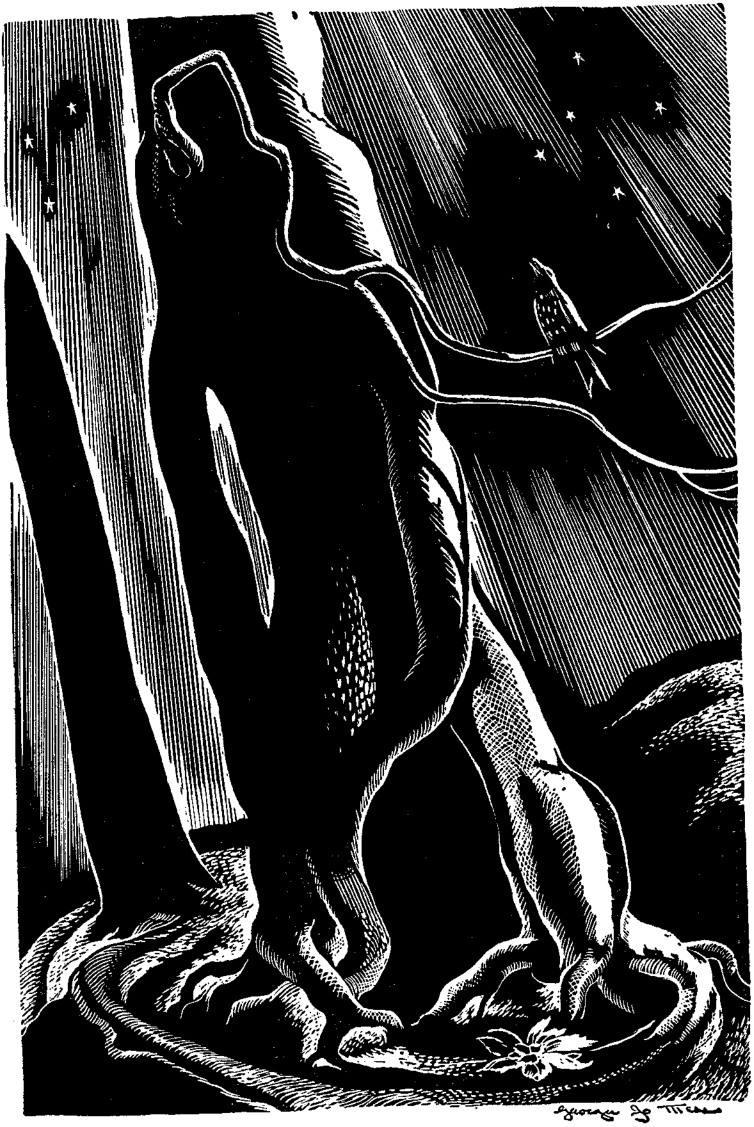
Whether reading in the college library or on a streetcar, it is well to remember that a book is a hunting ground. But it's no sport to go hunting unless you know what game you're after, and why.

One other point may be added. It is folly to try to cover a lot of ground too rapidly, for that would mean skimming through a book, trying to absorb only the best of it. When reading hastily we are likely to skip whatever seems strange and read only what is familiar. Thus we get out of a book only what we already knew, and don't learn anything! —Fred C. Kelly

EACH IN HER PLACE

Alexandre Dumas the Younger listened one day to a conversation between his friends concerning the merits of two young ladies. It seemed that one was of an exquisite beauty while the other was highly intelligent but ugly as a crow. A friend turned to Dumas and asked, "Tell us, which would you choose for an interesting evening?"

Without second thought Dumas replied. "Unquestionably I would want to go out with the one and come home with the other." —Albert Brandt


George Jo Mess

THE SILVER BIRD

Condemned when young, this aged tree
Is now despised, despite the fruits
That bend its grey serenity
And rot ungathered round its roots.

Beyond the favoured trees it leans,
More prodigal than any near;
And when the listening twilight greens
And wink by wink the stars appear,
It sways its venerable crest
To comfort its abandoned breast
With whispers sweet, with whispers soft,
Such as the mellow mind may know
That learns to bear its weight aloft
And from its inward shadow grow.

And only then, and only then,
In darkness sings the silver bird,
The sole companion of its pain
That harvesters have never heard!

—John-Bryan

THE MASTER SPIRIT

INTELLECTUAL GENIUS OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE, ONE LIFETIME WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR GOETHE

"MEHR LICHT: more light!" cried the eighty-two-year-old Goethe as he lay dying. All his life he had searched for truth and reached for wisdom and in the moment when he was released from mundane trials the problem loomed before him as large as ever. But to his fellowmen and to the generations to come after him he had in his lifetime truly brought more light. Therefore has the world placed upon his brow the laurel: "Master Mind of the German People" and has regarded him as one of the sublimest gems from the Lapidary's bench.

Great as was Leonardo da Vinci, that lonely and mysterious genius of the Renaissance period, he remains a creature apart from and above the rest of humanity. In contrast, Goethe radiates friendliness and compassion. He is not perfection without flaw: he knew error and sin: he was storm-tossed Faust. Da Vinci one must call Master, but Goethe is Counselor.

Goethe was a scientist, although men today do not remember him particularly for his discoveries. He was a statesman, although he kept free of those larger political entanglements that so often corrode personal integrity. He loved, often and not always too well, subconsciously confident perhaps that life is more experience than it is logic. He had his Ivory Tower, but he locked none out of it. He was like some huge brooding spirit watching the parade of time, applauding now, weeping now and occasionally silent, but always passionately interested.

* * *

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born on August 28, 1748, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Son of a well-to-do lawyer and grandson of a tailor, Goethe was early recognized as one of those rare individuals in whom, through some mysterious ecstasy of the chromosomes, the brainstuff of generations has been concentrated. He did not at-tend the elementary schools but was taught at home, where he soon displayed a remarkable talent for languages. At the age of ten he began to compose verses. At sixteen he went to the University of Leipzig where, to please his father, he studied law for three years.

He was an adolescent then with a dandy's taste in clothes, a taste for art and an eye for the girls. He imitated various poetic forms, wrote a pastoral and numerous poems, and was extremely sensitive to criticism. He fell in love with an innkeeper's daughter and suffered all the torments of young love.

He was nineteen when internal hemorrhages periled his life and he went home without a degree to spend a year and a half regaining his health. He was acquainted with six languages, he could play the piano and the cello, he could wield the brush and the graver, he could fence and dance, and he had a smattering of a variety of other subjects.

In his convalescence he had an opportunity to search his own spirit and for a time slipped into a mild pietism which never penetrated very deeply, although it left its mark on his mental processes. He published his Leipzig verses but prudently did not put his name on them. He read the classics and began to write a one-act play. His tremendous curiosity aroused, he even commenced the study of alchemy and toyed with ideas of "natural magic," all of which he later put to good use in his *Faust*.

In 1770 he went to Strasbourg, then a French city, to take his degree in law; but he studied more medicine there than he did law. His contact with the French was disappointing to his youthful vanity and he took refuge in the pride of being German. Always the pupil, he now found a new inspiration in a teacher named Herder, who led him to Homer and the Bible, to Ossian and to Shakespeare. There was another girl: she led him to new raptures in his composition.

Back in Frankfurt he began, at twenty-three, to write *Gotz*, his first heroic drama, which turned out a success. But the seeds of *Faust* were already burgeoning in his mind. Again, his prodigious energy barely tapped by his manifold activities, he fell in love. The girl finally chose another. Then, in 1774, he wrote his *Sorrows of Werther*, a sentimental novel told in autobiographical letters. Werther is, of course, the young love-torn idealistic Goethe. The lachrymal appeal of the book caught the popular fancy and suddenly Goethe was a "best-seller" and hailed as a great man of letters. He was twenty-five years old.

In the midst of his fame and his new fortune he was lonely in spirit. He brooded, fell in love once more, and created again: *Clavigo*, a prose tragedy, and *Stella*, a play. From 1774 to 1776 he also wrote most of the First Part of *Faust*. Physically he had not matured; by chronology he was still a youth; but mentally he could recreate and in the confines of his heart relive all the struggles of humanity.

He wrote countless letters, each surcharged with the kaleidoscopic fires of his emotions and imagination. Then he met young Carl August, Duke of Weimar. At the Duke's invitation he came to Weimar for a visit. But he shortly became a bosom companion to the Duke and never permanently left Weimar; there his genius was to flourish for nearly forty years.

He was made a Privy Councillor but he accepted the post as no sinecure. He helped reconstruct certain mines. He supervised recruiting and superintended road-building. He organized fire-brigades. He learned the elements of diplomacy. Subtly he undertook the re-education of his Duke.

With Charlotte von Stein, a married woman of fine sensibilities, he developed a friendship that gave him everything except possession of his beloved. Inspired by her he wrote *Iphigenia*. Meantime there were other women . . . Conscious of the ever-increasing flow of his ideas, he began to dictate his thoughts; hitherto he had set them down in his own hand.

He became administrator over the Weimar finances and later President of the Council. He learned the disappointments attendant upon the social reformer and assuaged some of his pain by plunging into the sciences. He studied algebra, geology, anatomy, mineralogy and zoology. He discovered the intermaxillary bone in the human skull, thus establishing — long before Darwin — that man was at least osteologically related to the animals. Meantime he was composing *Tasso* and *Egmont* and *Wilhelm Meister*. Charlotte von Stein finally surrendered, but at thirty-eight Goethe fled Weimar for an extended sojourn in Italy.

Back in Weimar he became at forty the Minister of Education, accepting with the post the intellectual leadership of the Duchy. With the Duke's money, he began to make Weimar into a minor Florence. But he needed a firmer personal bond to attach him to the roots of living.

Soon he fell in love with Christiane Vulpius, a young girl sixteen years his junior who worked in an artificial-flower shop. Her he established as his wife—in everything but the legal sense. Christiane bore his first son, and four other children who did not survive.

He continued his scientific work, proceeding by intuition rather than by some definite system of study. He developed the vertebral theory of anatomy and later a theory of dynamics and also a theory of color. Europe was in a revolutionary ferment but Goethe was occupied with mental flights, with the management of the Weimar theatre, and with his love for the domestic Christiane.

Hardly a year passed without some composition, although many of his projects were years in his hands before he published them: *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, his cultural novel, did not appear until 1796. Then a severe illness that was to last four years and nearly caused his death descended upon him. Lovingly, Christiane watched over him. But to understand life thoroughly one must perhaps frequently rub elbows with death. In his long lifetime Goethe jarred it wherever he turned. Schiller died. Goethe received word of old sweethearts who had died, of their children who were grown. His own son was seventeen now.

★ ★ ★

Napoleon, the conqueror, pushed through the German states. The day after the battle of Jena was fought, Goethe's life was endangered by the irresponsible soldiery quartered in his house. By quick thinking and prompt action, Christiane saved him. Now, eighteen years after he had first taken her, Goethe married Christiane and their son witnessed the ceremony. Was it the realization of the sudden nearness to the end that brought him to it? Not that alone, for he had truly been happy with Christiane.

He composed *Pandora*. Inspired by the sight of new beauty he wrote his *Elective Affinities*, a tragic novel in the spirit of his earlier *Werther*. Once more there were women for him: they followed him now though he was sixty. Even the cap of the young Empress of Austria was set for him. He traveled, enjoying his fame, deriving new inspirations, continuing, too, his scientific researches. He became deeply interested in music, writing lyrics and singing the bass parts himself. He met Beethoven, the other German Titan. At the height of the Emperor's fame he met Napoleon.

In his sixties he began to set down his autobiography: *Dichtung und Warheit*, freely translated as *Fact and Fiction*, and found himself more beloved by his Germany than he had been since his *Werther* was published.

Once more he fell passionately in love and wrote lyrics that flame with passion and are marked with the influence of the Persian literature which, characteristically, he was then studying. Goethe was sixty-six.

Death took Christiane and Goethe plunged with more energy than ever into his poetry and his statecraft. He married off his son, benignly refusing to let him make his own mistakes. He was Europe's grandfather and the world came to visit him and to sit at his feet. He could discern genius in others, in young Felix Mendelssohn, in young Schopenhauer, in Byron, in Carlyle. He played with his grandsons. In statecraft he inveighed against extreme nationalism and talked of an assembly of all nations. He argued for religious tolerance.

Now, twenty-one years later, he began to work again on the Second Part of that *Faust* which he had put aside at fifty-two. Pagan and skeptic, he dealt with the mysteries of life, probing like a great surgeon for the root of the problem. He came close but not close enough: Evolution, he finally decided, must be grander than Completion, for the latter would mean inertia, the end of life itself.

His Duke died when Goethe was seventy-nine, and still the master spirit lived on, breathing kindliness from his verses—and always love. His son, turned drunkard, wasted and died. The father turned away and channelized his emotions into the last volume of *Dichtung und Warheit*. He was truly alone when he finally finished *Faust*, a work to rank with *Hamlet* and *Paradise Lost* and Dante's *Inferno*. He was still Europe's grandfather, but a tired one.

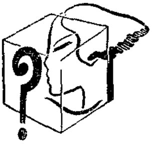
On the morning of March 22, 1832, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe died. He had known no real evening: his entire life had been the morning of a long endeavor and even when he went on he was only at the noon of his career.

The world which had claimed the modern Job strove valiantly to continue through the hours of failing light with Goethe's own torch to guide it.

—LOUIS ZARA

TESTING YOUR OWN INTELLIGENCE

YOU'VE TAKEN MANY INFORMATION TESTS—NOW MATCH YOUR WITS WITH AN INTELLIGENCE QUIZ



Many magazines, Coronet among them, have been running quizzes for some time. At first glance this may seem like just one more added to the list. But there is a difference. All of the other quizzes are *information tests,* measuring the extent of your knowledge on some subject. (There is one of that type in this issue.) This *intelligence test* measures your mental facility and ability to understand relationships.

It is not simple to measure your intelligence. Yet, in the hands of a skilled psychologist who knows the amount of error in his tests and understands relative measurements, the intelligence test is a reasonably accurate guide.

Fifteen correct answers in this test signify that your score is better than 72 per cent of the college freshmen who took this same test. Allow yourself just fifteen minutes. Answers are on page 115.

1. A dog is to a wolf as a cat is to which of the following? Write the number of the correct animal here(........) (1) monkey (2) bobcat (3) rat (4) kitten (5) mouse
2. One of the five words below is not like the other four. The number is (.2....) (1) occupation (2) forego (3) commission (4) mission (5) business
3. I am twice as old as my son. Thirty years ago I was as old as he is now. What age am I? Write answer in years here (..) 60
4. Operate is to operator as elect is to—? Write number of correct word here (.4....) (1) elective (2) electorate (3) protectorate (4) elector (5) electivity
5. An enlisted man in the U. S. Army is to the National Guard as a policeman is to—? Write the number of the correct word here (.2.....) (1) sailor (2) police reserve

(3) sergeant (4) marine (5) civilian

6. What is the next number in the following series?
3 2½ 2 1½ 1 ½ (......)

7. One of the five words below is not in the same category of meaning as the others.
The number of the word is (..)
(1) audient (2) audit (3) hark (4) acoustic (5) auditory

8. One of the animals below is not like the other four.
Write the number of the animal here (......)
(1) bobcat (2) lion (3) jackal (4) panther (5) tiger

9. A wolf is to a dog as a wildcat is to which of the following? Write the number of the correct animal here (......)
(1) bobcat (2) coyote (3) lion (4) house cat (5) tiger

10. In the series of numbers below one is wrong. What should that number be?
Write your answer here (...)
¼ ½ 1 2 4 8 16 36

11. One of the five words below is not like the other four.
Number of the word is (....)
(1) ill (2) malevolence (3) baleful (4) windfall (5) wound

12. If all the even-number letters in the alphabet were crossed out what would be the 13th letter crossed out? (....)

13. The earth is related to the moon as the sun is related to which of the following?
Write the number of the correct word here (......)
(1) stars (2) universe (3) planets (4) comets (5) satellites

14. What combination of 9 coins adds up to 89 cents?
....pennies ....nickels ....dimes ....quarters ....halves

15. Kelly went hunting. When he returned he had all rabbits but two, all squirrels but two, and all chipmunks but two. How many animals did he have in all? Answer (......)

In the next five questions the words are out of order; you are to put them in order and check the statements they make as true or false.

16. World is British the not largest the in navy the.
True......False......

17. Other any Pacific the than ocean larger is.
True......False......

18. Same the to cat and family the belong lion the.
True......False......

19. Most oysters good think people in are October to eat.
True......False......

20. In do winter brown trees not in turn the South evergreen.
True......False......

—William James Giese

THEY AREN'T SPOOFING!

Many a Jest Is Said in Earnest

THE suggestion to the Town Council of Great Yarmouth, England, that about-to-be christened streets should be given the names of the country's greatest poets, such as Byron, Chaucer, Tennyson, Milton and Shakespeare, was firmly vetoed. "In our opinion," the Town Council ruled, "the moral character of these people is not such that we should name roads after them."

WHEN a bill to outlaw mixed nudist camps came up recently before the Ohio Legislature, Russel D. Abbott, who considers himself the state's first nudist leader, remonstrated against the implied slur on the cult. "Membership in a nudist organization," he testified, "carries a good deal of weight in getting bank loans and credit ratings in Cleveland."

"SOME of my wealthiest clients," says Antoine, famous hairdresser, "tell me they get up at 6 o'clock in the morning, and spend six hours in various preparations, exercise, massage, make-up, etc. But," he adds, "it takes time. And many women are too lazy to be elegant."

GOVERNOR W. LEE O'DANIEL, of Texas, elected on a "Golden Rule" platform, just before the day set for the execution of a Negro murderer postponed the latter's appointment with the gallows for another month. "It seems to me," he explained, "that few forms of punishment could be more harsh than to see certain death staring at you day and night for thirty days."

ON GOING to her room and finding a pile of notes missing, a writer sent for the new maid. "But, Ma'am," said the puzzled maid, "you couldn't have used that paper. There was writing all over it." —ARTHUR R. CHILDS

BALLET LEAVES HOME

PAYING TRIBUTE TO AMERICA'S LATEST WAR OF INDEPENDENCE—THAT ON BEHALF OF THE DANCE

It wasn't ballet, said the purists, unless it was "Russian" ballet. If it wasn't straight out of Nijinsky by Diaghilev, it was spinach. So the purists said.

Then — lo! — a few Americans started to adapt the legends of America to dance purposes. They dropped the "classical" fetters; they composed new music; they developed their own choreography. That was the revolution. When it came, the Firebird flew out the window and Frankie and Johnnie came waltzing in. The American ballet was born.

Three American ballet companies started tapping American sources at about the same time. Catherine Littlefield's troupe in Philadelphia was one of the first thoroughly American ballet companies, organized in 1935. In its third year of grace it invented two distinctly American ballets. These were *Barn Dance*, and the one entitled *Terminal*. The Littlefield company now has eight ballets based on indigenous themes.

In Chicago, the Page-Stone Ballet Company has taken Gershwin's *American in Paris* and built a ballet upon it. Members of the Page troupe also dance *Frankie and Johnnie*, and two standard repertory items called *American Pattern*, and *Hear Ye! Hear Ye!* The latter is a courtroom ballodrama, first performed in 1933.

And the American Ballet Caravan dances in patterns dedicated to *Pocahontas* and *Billy the Kid*, to ballets concerned with a *Filling Station* and a *Yankee Clipper*. Under the directorship of Lincoln Kirstein its trend has been deliberately away from the old school, militantly on toward the new.

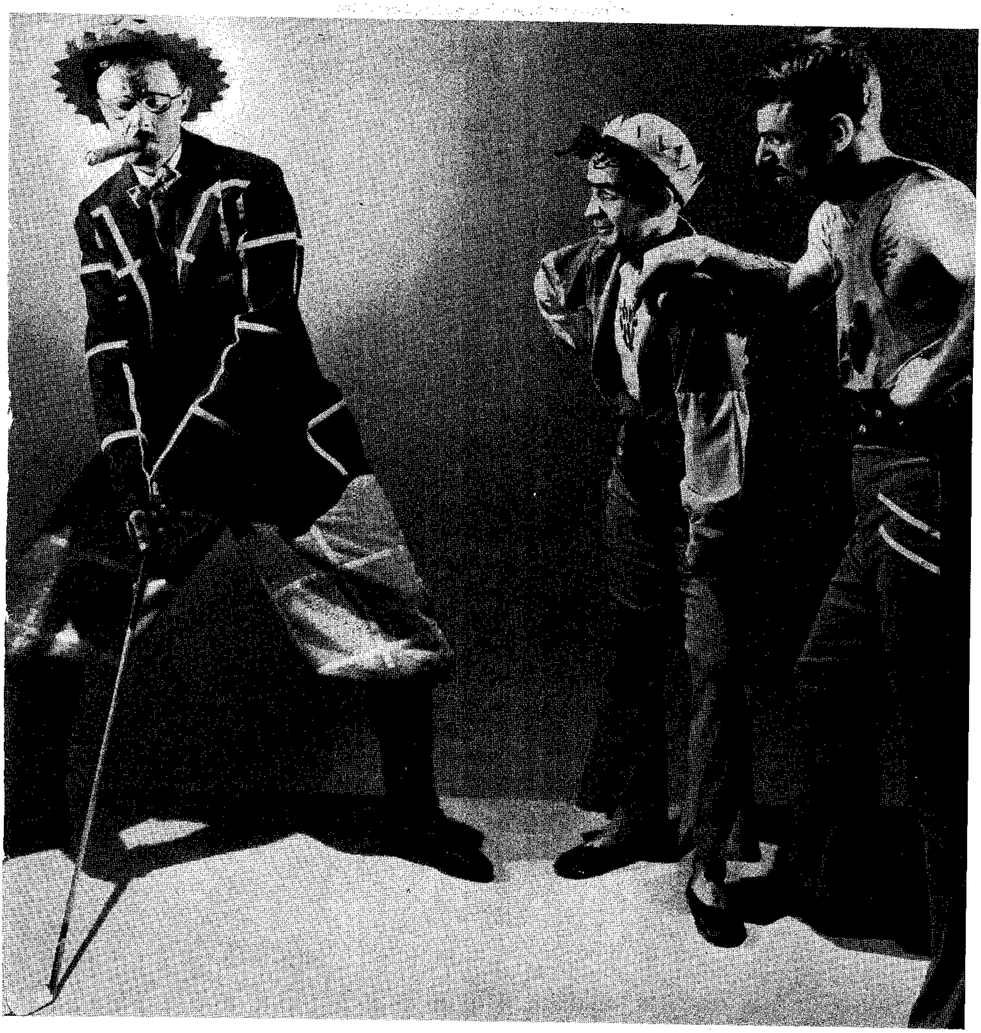
Naturally, the rediscovery of America hasn't permeated all quarters yet. Nevertheless, throughout the country, new ballet companies are springing up. Everywhere, the new motivation is to find inspiration in New World roots. —Sidney Carroll

THE LITTLEFIELD BALLET. Here, the "Light Lady" and the "City Slicker" arrive, disrupting the rustic dance in *Barn Dance*.

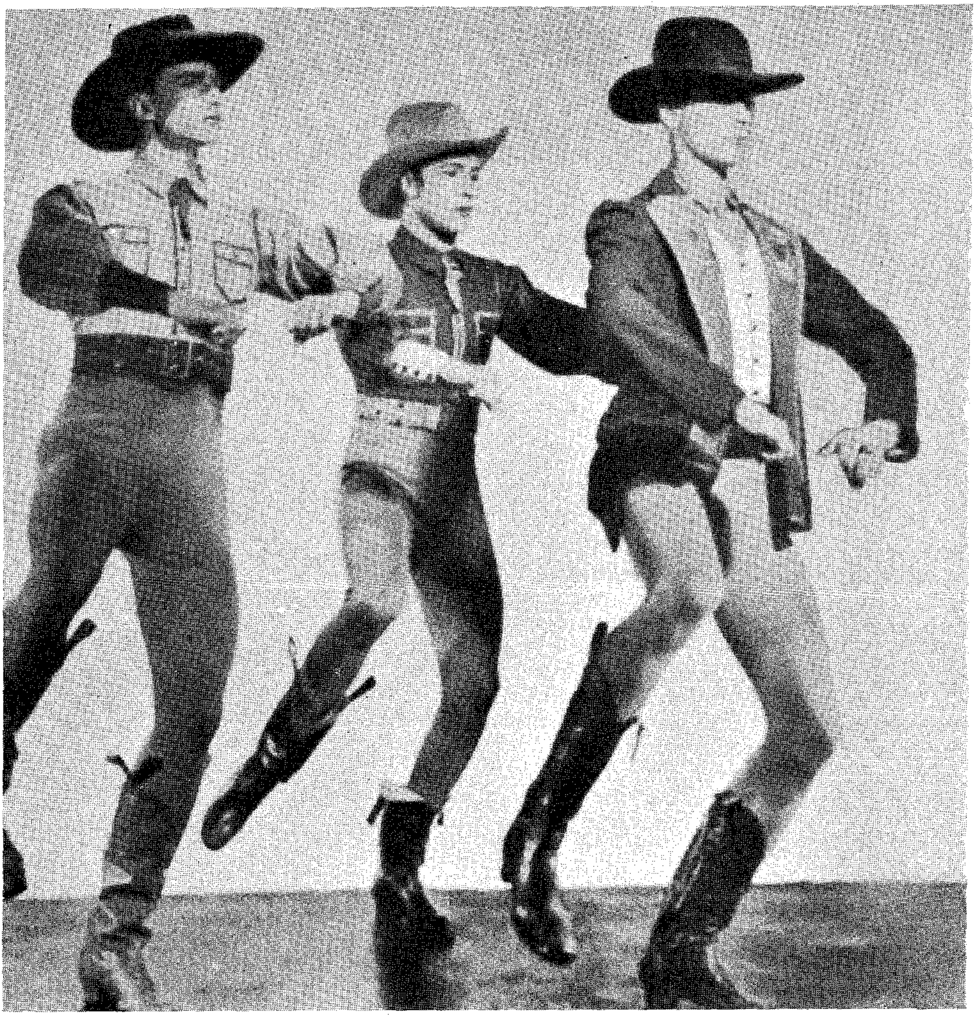
THE LITTLEFIELD BALLET in *Terminal*. The setting is a railroad station, the action a cross-section of events that take place between train-times. In this scene, Dorothie Littlefield (sister of directress Catherine Littlefield) plays the crap-shooting newsboy, surrounded by African golfers. The cop is about to break it up. *Terminal* is divided into such sections as *Commuter's Special*, *Train for Reno*, *Train for Hollywood*, *Honeymoon Express*. Its music is by Herbert Kingsley, its settings by Angelo Pinto.

THE LITTLEFIELD BALLET in *Parable in Blue.* Here the troupe conducts an experiment in modern allegory. It is the story of a party to which come three uninvited guests—Fate, Fortune, and Sorrow. These weave in and out, altering the destinies of the guests. Two lovers are brought together by Fate. The hostess tempts the boy with Fortune. They are all awakened to reality by Sorrow. Above, the hostess is wooed by guests. Her husband is blocked by Japanese houseboys making familiar gestures.

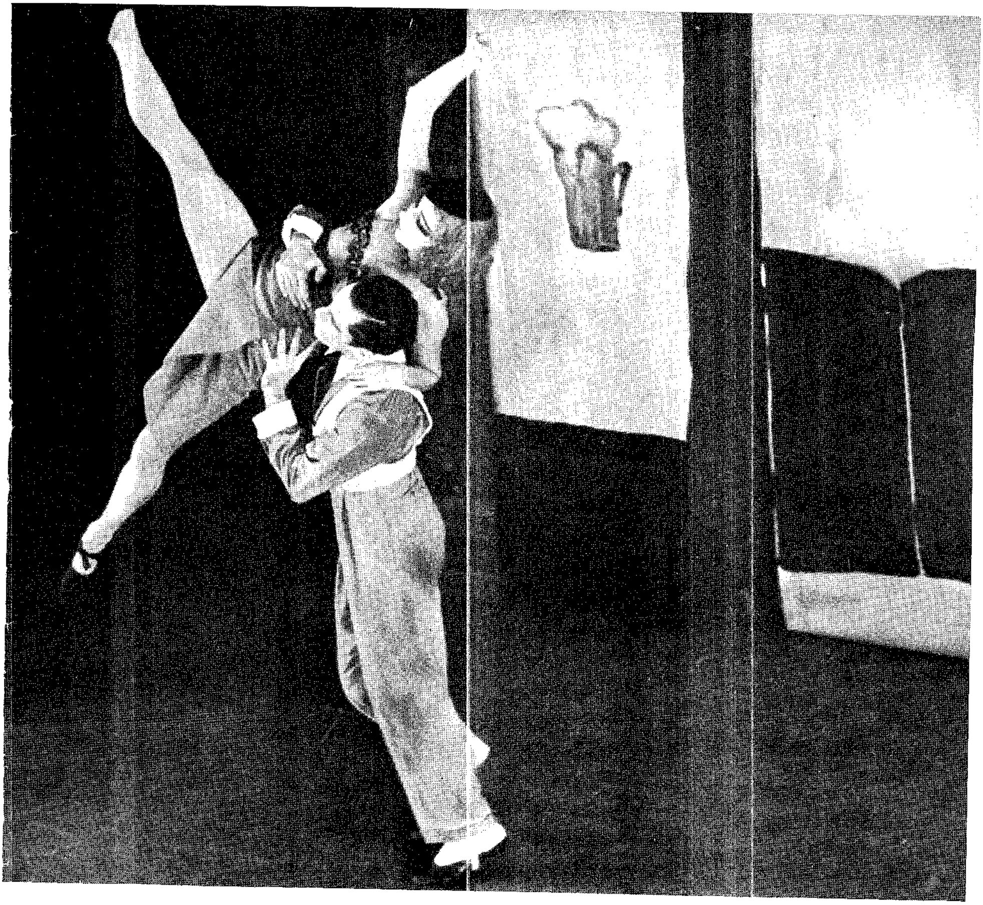
THE AMERICAN BALLET CARAVAN. The two ballerinas are Balinese. Bali is one of the ports of call in *Yankee Clipper*.



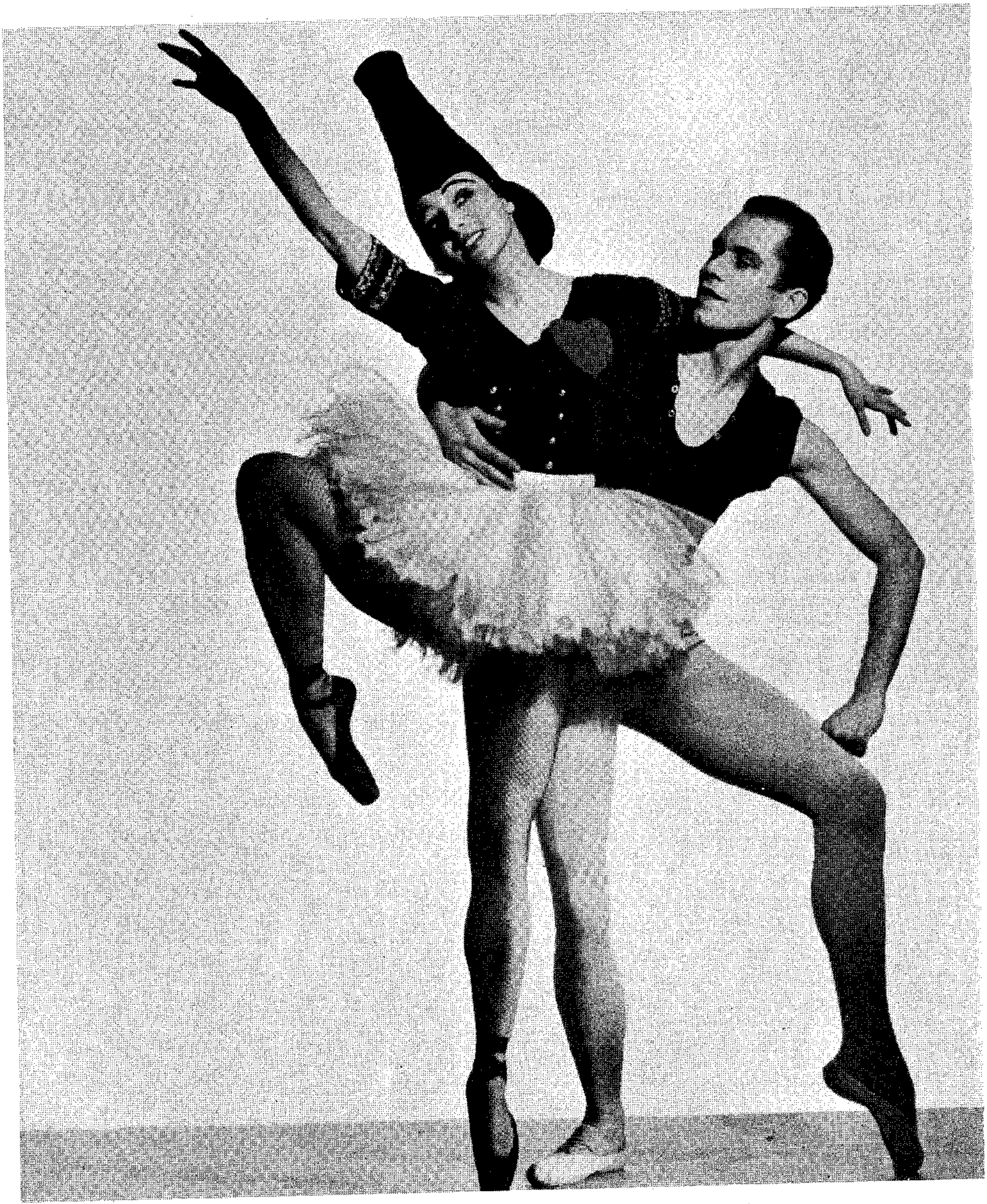
THE AMERICAN BALLET CARAVAN. Most celebrated, perhaps, of the offerings of this enterprising troupe is the one called *Filling Station*, with choreography by Lew Christensen. The notion behind it is that the filling station is as typical an American institution as any, that it deserves a nod from the arts. *Filling Station* is simply a day in the life of a station attendant—his experiences with the types who stop for gas, oil, water, or advice. Above, a golf enthusiast who stops to fill his tank, practices his shots. The costumes are by painter Paul Cadmus.



THE AMERICAN BALLET CARAVAN. Three gentlemen from the ballet *Billy the Kid*. They are, of course, riding to horse. The saga of boy-bandit Billy is presented here with philosophic overtones. Billy is the symbol of the last of the wild frontiersmen who fought unsuccessfully against the coming of law and order. Billy wooes the Mexican girls to music by Aaron Copland, kills his enemies in dance step, is himself killed, *à la terpsichore*, by his best friend, in accordance with western legend. The choreography is by Eugene Loring, who also dances the role of Billy.



THE PAGE-STONE BALLET. This Chicago troupe takes the legend of Frankie and Johnnie, gives it new musical meaning in a transcription of the old barroom ballad with new balladry by Jerome Moross. Only once at the beginning, and once at the end, do the strains of the original tune clearly emerge. The troupe is interested in Frankie and Johnnie as an American institution, not as a tuneful little earful. The whole bathetic story is there, done into a tragicomedy against the saloon background designed by Paul Dupont. It is full of wry twists, such as Johnnie's funeral, when six tap dancers are delegated as pallbearers. At the very end Frankie and Nellie Bly tearfully embrace, holding a penitent wreath of lilies, while three Salvation Army lassies intone the theme: "He was her man but he done her wrong." Above, Ruth Page as Frankie and Bentley Stone as Johnnie, in a typical scene, showing just how much they could love.



THE PAGE-STONE BALLET as the camera catches the rhythms of *Scrapbook*. The dancers are Ruth Page and Bentley Stone, enacting Page Six of the *Scrapbook:* The Story of a Heart.

LIFE CYCLE OF A NICKNAME

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN, AS RECORDED IN THE EVOLUTION OF HIS GIVEN NAME

The Jonesville Bugle: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams announce the birth of an eight-pound boy, John Morris Williams.

The Jonesville Bugle: Thanks to the vigilance of patrolman Casey, Johnny Williams, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams has been safely returned to his parents, after being missing from his home for nine hours. Patrolman Casey, noticing the boy wandering in Shrivers Meadow, etc., etc.

The Paulsen School News: Jack Williams has been elected captain of the Crickets football team, for which all boys under twelve are eligible.

The New York Star: Featured by two touchdown jaunts by Jack (Be Nimble) Williams, All-America halfback, Gargantua defeated State today 26-7. Jonesville Jack was on the loose all afternoon and was instrumental in the scoring of all four Gargantua touchdowns. On the opening kick-off, etc., etc.

The New York Blade: It's number five for High-Low-Jack Williams, noted playboy and former All-America great, who has announced that he intends to step to the altar with Arlette Renard, comely Alhambra Club warbler. "No Reno for this one," declared the Broadway Beau Brummell. "This is going to last."

The New York Star: Financial circles were agog over the news that Pile-of-Jack Williams, sensational Wall Street operator, has decided to forgo further market speculations, and will invest his earnings in a new bottle-opener business which he is founding.

Acme Notes: An interesting address by President Williams featured our annual outing at the Windamere Country Club. J.M., in a speech bubbling with his familiar wit, etc.

R.I.P.

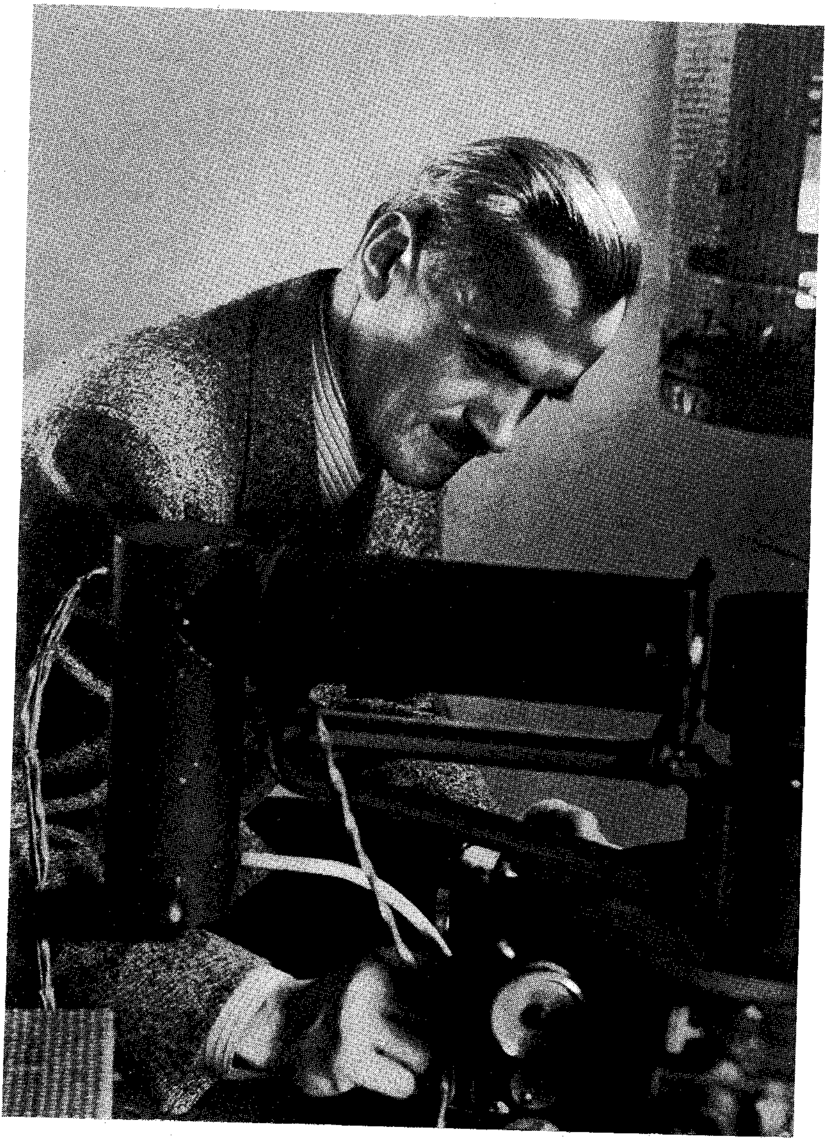
JOHN MORRIS WILLIAMS

—PARKE CUMMINGS

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

DR. ARTHUR HOLLY COMPTON

When Arthur Holly Compton was ten he took issue, in a monograph on three-toed elephants, with the world's leading paleontologists. He says now that if his mother had laughed, his scientific career would have ended there. But she didn't. At 16 he published articles about airplanes and invented a stabilizer which the Wright Brothers developed further and later patented. Curtiss used one of his inventions in connection with gear-shifts. A brilliant student, he was no spectacled grind at college; he played football and baseball, worked on a steamer during vacations. At 27, Dr. Compton tossed overboard what promised to be a glittering career in commercial research for the comparative poverty of pure science, and a few years later went to teach physics at the University of Chicago. The girl he married, one of his college classmates, understands the preference for remote science which has made him just about the foremost experimentalist in his field: analysis of radiant energy from matter. The "Compton effect," proving that light is a form of matter, won him the coveted Nobel prize in 1927, an honor he had missed by one vote a few years earlier. Using the X-ray he made the maiden voyage of exploration into the interior of the atom, found it consisted of a nucleus, or proton, surrounded by a whirling "cloud" of electrons. He has directed the pursuit of the cosmic ray, fifty times more penetrating than any other known to man, which comes from far outside the earth's atmosphere and cannot be reproduced experimentally. Popular with his students, he often dines, goes to the theatre and plays tennis with them. The distinguished professor whistles gustily at his work and is said to be the most fanciful glassblower among scientists.



DR. ARTHUR HOLLY COMPTON

SEPTEMBER, 1939

AUGUST ALFARO

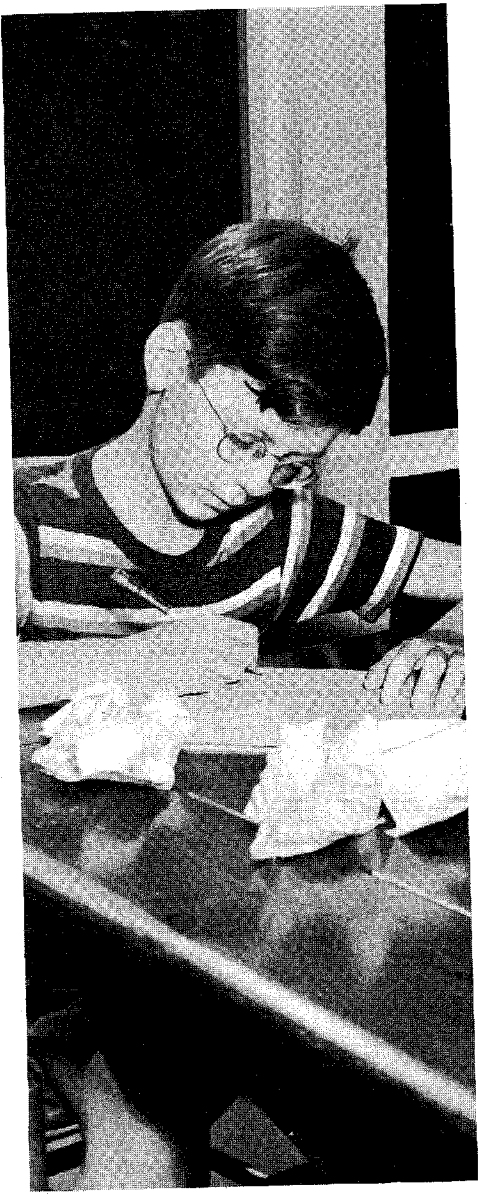
WHO GOES THE BEE ONE BETTER BY SELLING HIS WORKINGS IN WAX

Many generations of August Alfaro's Spanish forebears have taken lessons from the busy bee and from their own fathers, too, and improved the shining hours by sculpturing miniature figures in beeswax, like those you see above. The art is a family tradition, pursued chiefly for amusement. Young August, New Orleans born, displays fine skill in reproducing tiny figures that are the spirit and image ("spittin' image" in his region) of colorful Negro types of the Old South. Made from a secret compound of beeswax that won't melt readily, the figures are dressed in replicas of the gaudy garments of the section—even to such accessories as baskets of minute fish or fruit. And now August does a neat business selling the fruits of his avocation to tourists as souvenirs of the Old South.

ALEXANDRA POTTS

WHOSE LIFE IS JUST ONE LONG SUCCESSION OF WEDDING PARTIES

A VETERAN of 5,000 weddings, including a successful one of her own, Alexandra Potts is America's busiest bridal consultant. In charge of Lord & Taylor's advisory service for brides, she developed the New York store's modest-sized department into one that supervises more than a thousand weddings annually—from Canada, South America and the West Indies, to Australia. Her yearly output of letters to brides-to-be and their mothers runs into more thousands. Last year, Mrs. Potts made a 30-week cross-country tour, as director of merchandising service for *Bride's* magazine; she visited 600 stores, lectured to bevies of starry-eyed brides. Her correspondence course for employees of shops catering to brides covers everything from what the best man wears, to how to budget a honeymoon.



DAVID STATLER

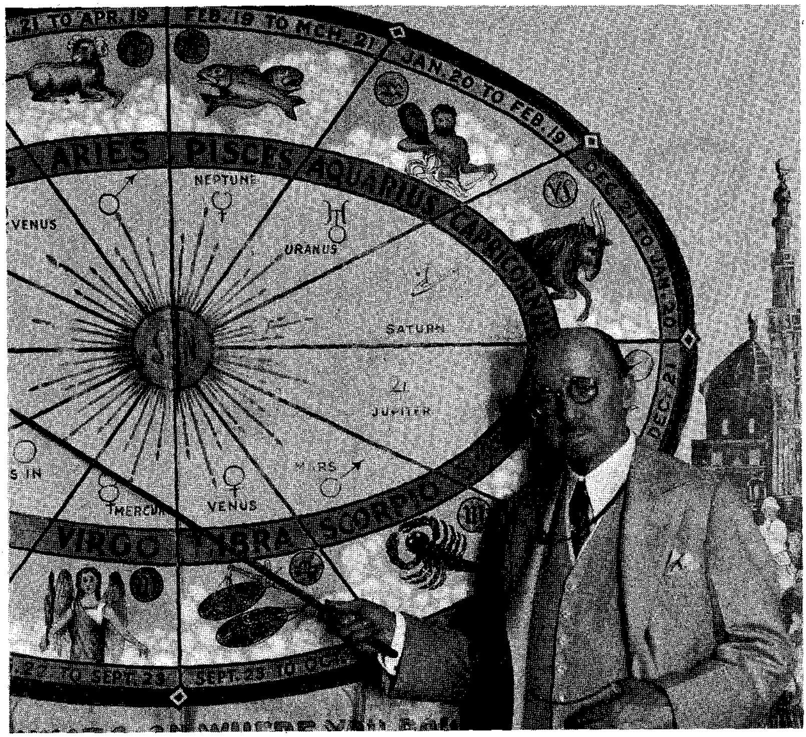
WHOSE STORY OF THE WILD WILD WEST MAKES HISTORY SEEM PALLID

NO TWO-GUN hombre ever unfolded a more grisly saga of the unconquerable badlands than that penned by David Statler when he was eight. *Roaring Guns*—61 vivid pages—surpasses the school of blood-curdling mayhem once ruled by Hemingway, Gaines, *et al.*, and is hailed by some critics as the most hilarious opus seen on the literary horizon in years. The chapter titled "Trouble" has 800 toughies shot, tomahawked and otherwise erased from the scene. Bill Johnson, "the baddest man in the whole West," is violently eliminated twice in three pages. Saturday movies of the Wild West variety spurred David to write—in a five-cent notebook—of the only West he knew. More than a year later he exhumed his dusty manuscript to show a visiting aunt. Now copies sell from coast to coast. David is postponing further literary production because he thinks a writer should live his stories.

BETTY HEMPHILL

WHOSE NEWS COLUMN FOR CHILDREN IS THE DELIGHT OF ADULTS

BREATHLESS, but with true newspaperwoman poise, 14-year-old Elizabeth Hemphill two years ago became the only child columnist in America. Forced to rest because of illness, she diligently read movie reviews. Finding them incomprehensible, she presented to the *Miami Herald* her idea of a column that would interest children. Her naïve and ungrammatical style amused the editor and he hired her on the spot. No one edits her copy, even to correct misspelling. Pet of the news staff, Betty has since broadened her field. Beside Sunday movie criticisms, she interviews celebrities. Her talk with Nelson Eddy, with whom you see her above, left her in a joyful daze. When notified of her first assignment—a story on Ben Bernie—she was in her backyard, barefoot. She admits her most exciting interview was with the Errol Flynns aboard their yacht. Her ambition is to be a Hollywood syndicate writer.


21 TO APR. 19
FEB. 19 TO MCH. 21
JAN. 20 TO FEB. 19
DEC. 21 TO JAN. 20
ARIES
PISCES
AQUARIUS
CAPRICORN
NEPTUNE
URANUS
VENUS
SATURN
JUPITER
MARS
MERCU
VENUS
VIRGO
LIBRA
SCORPIO
22 TO SEPT. 23
SEPT. 23 TO OC

A. F. SEWARD

WHO HAS MADE A FORTUNE FOLLOWING PEOPLE WHO FOLLOW THE STARS

IF, UNLIKE Hitler, astrology throws you into gales of indifference, you are at odds with a vast horde of folk who live according to dictates of their horoscopes. A. F. Seward, who bills himself as "The Man Who Made Millions Think," won a fortune when he hitched his wagon to the stars. At 17 he mounted a soapbox to sell printed horoscopes and cleaned up. Since, he has traveled the world, reading horoscopes. He claims to have predicted Roosevelt's first election majority, but makes no forecast regarding world politics. During Florida's 1926 hurricane, Seward left his tent and auto to weather the storm. Buildings all around were wrecked, boats washed up into hotels but his property was untouched—a verified fact. Seward points out he bought it on astrologically favorable days.

"I HAVEN'T THE TIME"

LEARN TO REGARD TIME AS A PAY CHECK AND YOU WILL SPEND IT MORE WISELY

THE prevalent complaint, the plaintive cry on every hand is, "I haven't the time." You hear it everywhere. "Yes, I'm going to read that book, if I ever get around to it." "I'd like to study French, but I really haven't the time." "I know I could write, or paint, or design smart clothes, but I'm so busy I never get time to start."

You never will unless you organize your time.

Actually you have all the time there is. No one has a moment more than you have. Every morning when you wake up you have before you twenty-four full hours. You're rich. No millionaire can buy one extra second. Every man, woman and child draws the same pay check of hours, minutes and seconds. Why is it then so many complain of not having enough time? Because they haven't learned how to use their time-vouchers. How to spend their portion of currency to greatest advantage.

The busiest people usually have the most time. Or, to put it another way, the busiest people accomplish most with their time. By busy I do not mean those who are always on the rush. Misdirected motion is a terrific time-waster. Those who accomplish most are never hurried. Their time is organized.

One of our most able lecturers and authors found more and more demands on his time. He had set himself certain tasks to do and also wanted certain hours for recreation. He is sensible enough to know the value of play. Still, he was falling behind in his output. So he tried an experiment. He got up an hour earlier, had a glass of fruit juice and went to his study. To his delight he discovered that extra hour before breakfast was full of inspiration. He turned out twice as much as he usually wrote in his first hour. Now the early schedule is part of his routine. He feels better because his sense of time is no longer over-crowded.

Raising a family of four boys is quite a job in itself. Yet one of America's leading women writers did it successfully without depriving her public of its regular supply of novels, short stories and articles. Where did she get the time? She knew she had the time if she would organize her days.

When we were first married, my wife and I received so many invitations we never had an evening at home. Then we had a pow-wow. Nice to be asked, nice to go to dinners, parties, theatre. But what was happening to us? Where would we get time for reading? For getting acquainted with each other? For talking things over, planning our work and our lives?

So we came to a decision. We'd stay home every other night. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays we went out. When friends called up to invite us for other evenings, we said, "Sorry, we're booked." We were. Booked to stay home and turn our time to more important things. Nobody was ever offended. We lost nothing by it. We gained a great deal.

Even writing can be organized. I don't say it must be, but I believe it should be. There are rare geniuses, I suppose, who can dash off a masterpiece and do it only when the spirit moves. I've never met one. All the authors and playwrights I've known put in so many hours a day at the work bench. They may tear up on Tuesday what they wrote on Monday, but each day's stint is done as methodically and conscientiously as though they were building a brick wall.

And these busy people are the ones from whom you receive the most consideration. Letters are answered promptly, appointments are kept meticulously. I have never failed to receive acknowledgment from a really important person.

One of the most popular radio artists is a composer as well as a singer. She also runs two homes. One in the city, one in the country. Fan mail pours in. She answers all of it. By turning it over to a corps of secretaries? Not at all. She supervises everything, answering the more important letters in person. And still has plenty of time for play and social activities. But she doesn't fritter her time. With a heavy day ahead she'll retire early. No matter how tempting the invitation, her work comes first. Other times she takes a pile of manuscripts to bed and works till one or two in the morning.

Why is it we give so much thought to investing money and so little thought to investing our time? You wouldn't scatter your funds about aimlessly and expect to have anything to show at the end of a year. Yet time is the one great possession you can absolutely control. No cashier can run off with it. It is yours to do with exactly as you please. You can turn those hours, minutes and seconds into shining results, or let them slip through your fingers and always complain that you haven't enough. Which shall it be? It's entirely up to you.

Try organizing your time. You'll be surprised how much more you will accomplish, and how nuch more time you'll have for the things you've always wanted to do.

—Maurice Marks

ANSWERS TO TASTE TEST ON PAGES 40-46

1. A is preferable. A settee of this sort is obviously designed more for rustic effect than for comfort. You wouldn't seat your guests on it during the cushion-conscious coffee hour; therefore, the coffee table is wrong functionally. Also, those up on their metallurgy will note that the settee and footstool are made of cast iron, whereas the coffee table is wrought iron and combines less harmoniously with the settee. (This last reason only for experts.)

2. A is the better grouping. A nested table, with its wide variety of uses, is always the proper table for a chaise. The large flat surface of the coffee table can better serve the demands of the two or three persons who occupy the settee. Notice, too, that when the coffee table and nested table are rearranged, as in B, the effect is one of overcrowding.

3. The nested table in A is right for the chaise, for one main reason—convenience. The occupant of the chaise has a much greater surface on which to place books, magazines, glasses. Although the lines of the drum table are more compatible with those of the chaise, the diagonal effect of the nested table neatly fits the diagonal lines of the chaise, making for another sort of compatibility of design.

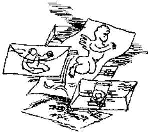
4. A is much better. The size of the coffee table is in perfect proportion with the large settee; the occasional table is completely out of proportion. Functionally, the coffee table is more adequate for meeting the multiple requirements of those occupying the settee. In these two photographs, for example, the same objects have been placed on the tops of both tables. The results, from a functional point of view, speak for themselves.

5. Simply from the standpoint of design, B is the better group. The design of the chairs in B blends perfectly with that of the table. Also, these chairs offer more relaxation for marathon eaters.

6. A is preferable. Outdoor dining is leisurely, and the tilted backs and softer seats of these chairs do their share. The harder seats and more rigorous backs of the chairs in B make them more suitable for occasional garden chairs than for dining purposes.

ABOUT LAURENCE SMITH

WHOSE SCRATCHPAPER SKETCHES HAVE FREED HIM FROM SLAVISH DEPENDENCE ON THE MODEL

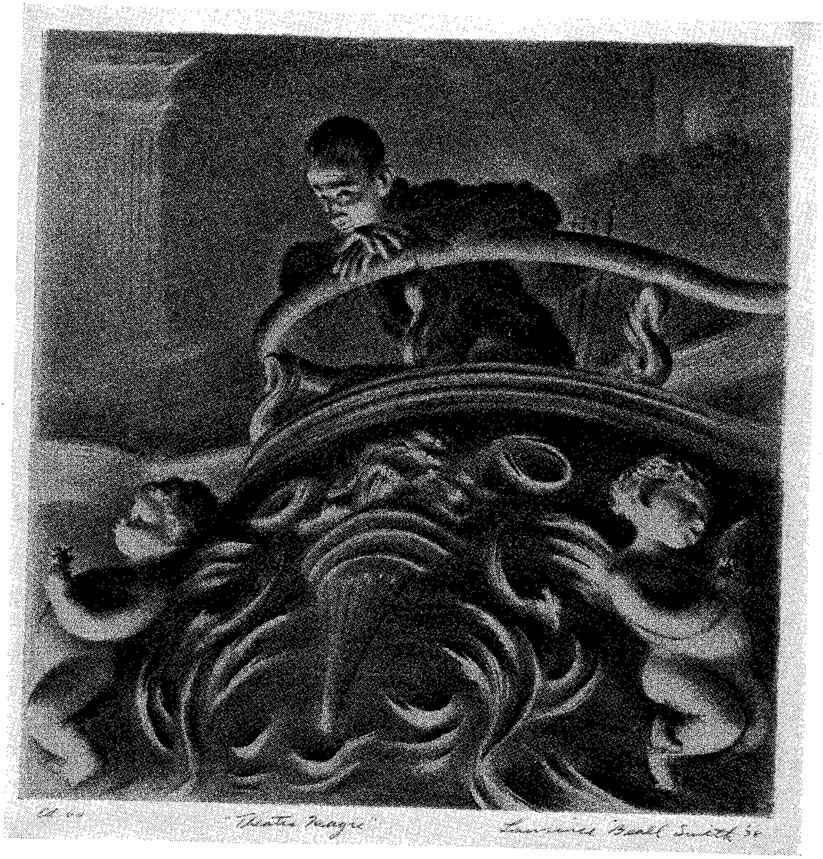


LAURENCE BEALL SMITH has a Phi Beta Kappa key and a sense of humor, possessions which do not usually figure in the inventories of artists. This Smith is only twenty-nine years old and is practically unknown outside the Boston area. The field of art which he has most assiduously cultivated has been the commissioned portrait in oils. Success in this department almost inevitably leads to a bankroll and a sense of inferiority in art.

The four lithographs reproduced are Smith's first essays in that medium and show a pretty gift of sympathetic caricature. They are the happy by-products of a friend's admonition that he free himself from dependence on the model and try to treat the human figure freely and imaginatively. In the privacy of his Beacon Hill studio he is attempting to paint genre themes which will carry over to oils the spirit of these lithographs.

The subject for each print has been determined by an on-the-spot reaction and in each case fixed for reference and future development by a rapid sketch on the back of an envelope or theatre program. In the case of *Gossips* months elapsed between the conception of the idea and work on the preliminary drawing. The idea for *The File* came while waiting to be told that the book he wanted at the library was not there. Both *Pent House* and *Gossips* are the results of window-leaning of his own, for the artist's studio is in the midst of such subject matter. The *Theater Magic* idea flowered at the start of the second act of *Pride and Prejudice*, whatever that may prove.

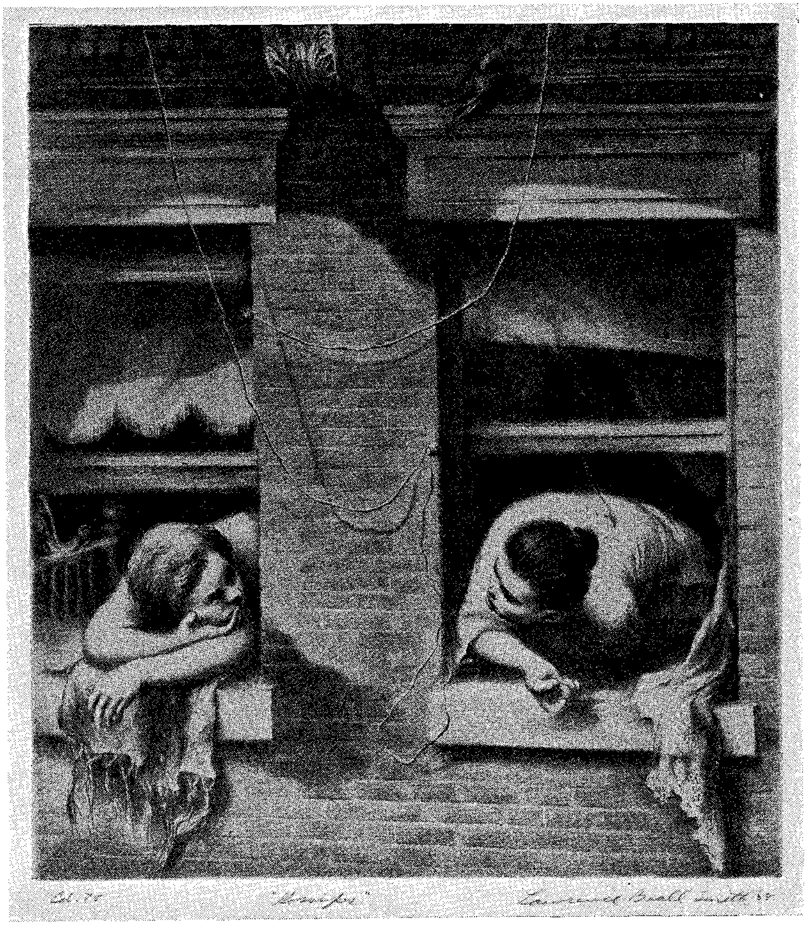
Laurence B. Smith was born in Washington, D. C. Before he reached Chicago, the scene of his education, he had spent time in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Vincennes, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky. His father was a Y.M.C.A. secretary. In 1931 he was graduated from the University



THEATER MAGIC

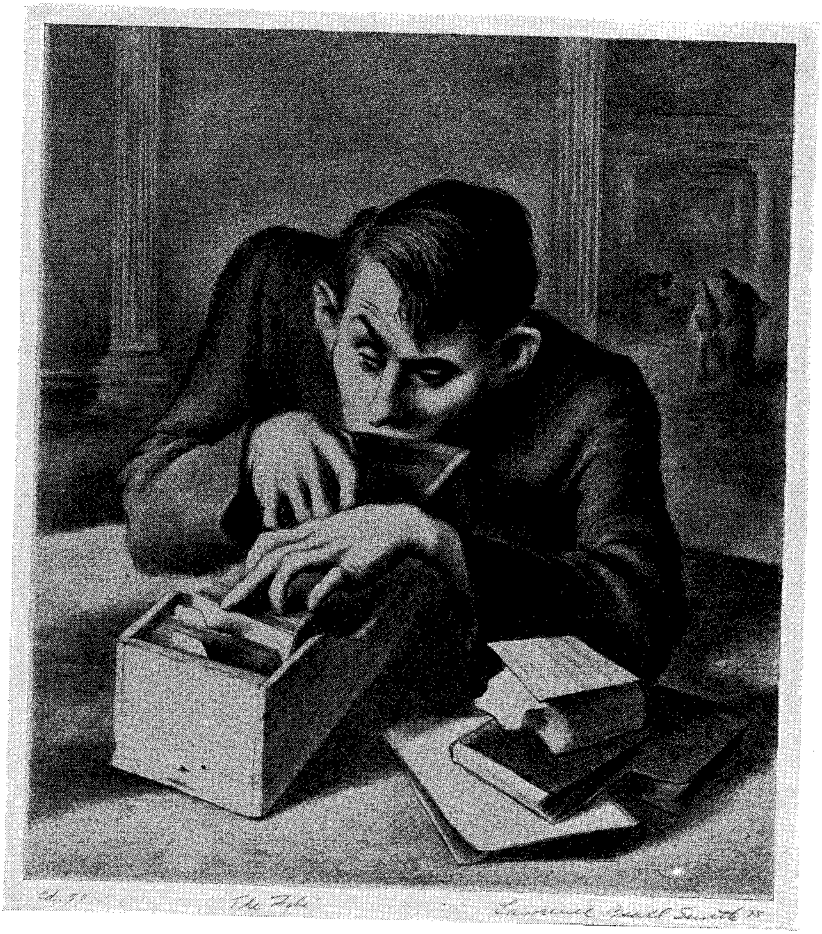
of Chicago, with the aforementioned Phi Beta Kappa key. His art training had been fragmentary. In addition to the routine course at the university on the History of Art, he attended day and night classes at the Art Institute of Chicago and at commercial academies. He had made sketches on his own but it was not until after his university years that he began to paint in oils.

To Gloucester, Massachusetts, he came in the summer of 1931 to study with Ernest Thurn, from whom he passed to the influence



GOSSIPS

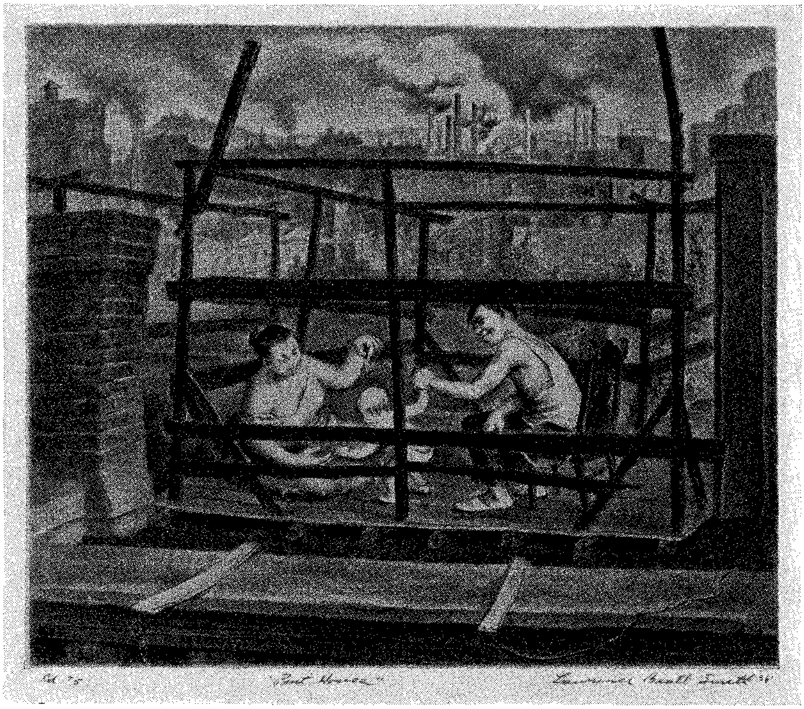
of Charles Hopkinson, whose student and disciple he became, following him to Boston the next year. A year later he was assisting Hopkinson in his teaching duties and for the following five years he taught drawing and painting—while he was himself learning by doing. He had begun painting portraits and continues to till that



THE FILE

field as industriously as present stony economic circumstances permit. He was also working on his own projects but withholding them from public view, and for reason.

A meeting with a painter and teacher named Harold Zimmerman proved most fruitful, for it was he who persuaded Smith to try to paint and draw the human



PENT HOUSE

figure imaginatively and who thus may be credited with godfathering the series of reproduced lithographs. Smith concentrated on the free drawing and painting of the figure for some years, trying out the results in a series of illustrations for books and in a series of canvases of railroad station redcaps for a government art project. "This freedom from the model," says Smith, "has opened up a world of possibilities in the field of compositional painting and drawing which before were hampered by adherence to the posed model."

He has made a triangular marriage between genre painting, print-making and commissioned portrait work. Two years ago a four months' tour of Europe and its museums helped deepen his understanding of the past in art.

—Harry Salpeter

A LACK OF TACT

AN INCISIVE STORY THAT WILL MAKE YOU TERM POLITENESS THE MOST OVERRATED OF VIRTUES

MADAME LOUBIER-CHANTON was satisfied with the beginning of her house party. The lunch had been excellent, and her guests appeared to find themselves in congenial surroundings. She had gathered them in the big, square salon, for coffee and liqueurs. And she sought to break the ice, to merge them into a whole before they had time to form into small clans according to length and degree of acquaintance.

"Doctor Maugras is a remarkable physician and a great scholar," she declared as she poured the coffee.

"Oh, Madame," the doctor protested, lifting a manicured hand, "merely a practicing physician—" but the compliment had pleased him, and his smooth, complacent face reddened slightly. Maugras was about thirty-five and appeared more like a sleek, well-fed man about town than like a savant.

"No false modesty from you, Doctor," the hostess resumed. "We all know you are a wonderful physician." She addressed the guests, continued to praise Dr. Maugras. She had the right to boast a little to her guests, had she not, because she was proud to know him. She spoke of the astonishing cures credited to him, of his research work.

A stout gentleman smiled: "That's reassuring, Madame! If one of us should happen to be taken sick while here—"

"There would be nothing to worry about, with the doctor here," the hostess concluded confidently.

A gushing young woman immediately addressed the doctor, asked for his opinion. She had a friend who was ill. He listened to her with grave kindliness, uttered a few questions concerning the treatment advised, approved it with some hesitation.

"Yes, yes, of course! That's the usual treatment in that case. I should handle it differently. But that's a mere question of training, you understand."

"Isn't he fascinating," murmured a lady as he left the room.

"In every way a charming man," Madame Loubier-Chanton agreed.

When the guests had gone to their rooms to change for an automobile excursion that afternoon, Loubier-Chanton drew his wife aside.

"I think you exaggerated somewhat," he said. "Maugras is a nice chap, pleasant company. But you made him out to be a famous student, a great man—"

"He loves that," Madame Loubier-Chanton retorted with a smile.

"It's obvious he does like it," her husband admitted. "But frankly, do you think he's a good physician?"

"No," she retorted quietly. "He took care of Madame Flutier for a while, and she barely escaped alive!" She laughed. "Moreover, he has no practice to speak of. But what am I going to say? He likes to be distinguished, and the others like to have a distinguished man about."

The butler came to announce that the cars had arrived, were waiting. During the ride, the conversation swung to medical topics, and the good doctor astounded his companions with his deep science, spoke of the guiding instinct which had so often prompted him to correct the diagnosis of a colleague. Unfortunately, a rainstorm interrupted his conference and the excursion. The guests changed from sodden garments into dinner clothes cheerfully enough.

The dinner was excellent. But Loubier-Chanton ate little, and shivered often. Although there was a blazing fire in the chimney, he could not seem to get warm.

"I hope you didn't catch cold," his wife murmured.

"I think I did," he said, his quivering hands holding the lapels of his coat. "But it doesn't matter."

She felt of his pulse: "I'm telling you you're feverish! Isn't he, Doctor?"

"Don't bother our friend over a trifle," the host protested.

"No bother whatever," Maugras smiled. He thumped Loubier-Chanton a bit, listened to his chest, smiled: "Nothing wrong."

"Perhaps a little quinine would help?" Madame Loubier-Chanton suggested timidly.

"If you wish," he granted.

"Perhaps applying cuppingglasses would be good—or using a mustard plaster?"

"Frankly, I don't believe that's needed," the doctor replied, somewhat stiffly.

She did not dare insist, but asked permission for her husband to go to bed. As she left the salon, one of her friends touched her elbow: "Come, darling, you're not going to be worried? With a physician like Dr. Maugras in the house, everything is all right."

Loubier-Chanton stirred and moaned all night long. Around two o'clock, he was delirious for a while. At dawn, his wife, who had not retired, took his temperature. He was running a fever close to one hundred and four! She was reaching for the push button, to send for a doctor, when her husband protested in a weak voice.

"What's the use, I'll be all right. You can't slight Maugras by calling in another physician." She had forgotten their distinguished guest, and wished to call in the family doctor, but he insisted: "It would be a terrible slight, really. Tell him to come up. Maybe he's not such a rotten physician as we think."

He spoke with effort, and his face contracted each time he breathed. The doctor came up, listened to the sick man's chest, and repeated with gentle firmness what he had said before: "Nothing at all! That fever scares you, doesn't it? We'll handle it with a little quinine, and by tomorrow, it will be all over with. You should get up and take a stroll in the garden. It would do you good."

Loubier-Chanton timidly suggested that he was too tired to rise.

"All right," Maugras agreed. "A day's rest can't hurt you, either."

Downstairs, the guests, who had been rather silent for a time, were chatting and laughing again. Madame Loubier-Chanton discovered that the doctor had reassured them.

"Dr. Maugras says it's nothing much."

She dared not contradict them. But she was worried. She spoke confidentially to her best friend, who scolded her gently: "If your husband was being treated by a country physician, I'd understand your worry. But Dr. Maugras!"

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Loubier-Chanton had a spell of choking. In her house filled with guests, Madame Loubier-Chanton felt dreadfully alone. It was worse at five o'clock, when she found that his temperature had risen. She said that she was going to send for another doctor. But her husband grew angry despite his weakness.

"With Maugras here? Don't do it. It would be horrible. I forbid it, do you hear?"

She fled to another room to conceal her anguish. The stout gentleman had come up for news, and urged her to be calm.

"I swear you're exaggerating a mere cold. The Doctor was telling us a moment ago that there was nothing to worry about, that he was perfectly at ease."

"Well, I'm not," she blurted out.

Then he faced the problem brutally: "Didn't you tell us yourself that Dr. Maugras was a skilled surgeon?"

"Yes, I did say that—but in this case—I fear that he is mistaken. I'm afraid—I'd like to send for someone else."

"The devil you say," murmured the fat man. "That's a delicate thing to try!"

"I know that," she wailed. "That's what's so horrible about it! Won't you suggest to him that he should call another physician for a consultation?"

"My dear Madame? What a thing to ask—why not wait? He may suggest it himself."

She waited. And in twenty-four hours, the sickness progressed at a terrifying rate. Then she dropped all caution.

"Doctor, I hope I shall not offend you, and it's not that I lack confidence in you—"

"You mean you wish to call in someone for a consultation? I can tell you there is no need for it. However," Maugras drew himself up with calm dignity, "I'm at your disposal to call in any colleague you may suggest."

Having spoken, he joined the other guests, walking stiffly. Madame Loubier-Chanton hesitated, deeply perturbed. Definite hostility surrounded her, as if all her guests had leagued with the doctor and resented the offense against him. She swept them all with a nervous glance, saw their faces set, heard faint whispers. She murmured an apology.

"Perhaps Madame had better come upstairs," the butler addressed her at this moment.

She climbed the stairs, and stifled a scream when she saw her husband inert, mouth agape, lifeless eyes wide open, dead!

Below, the doctor was saying, with a pale, patient smile:

"I don't take offense. But, nevertheless, you must admit—"

"Ah," sighed a charming little woman, consolingly, "what a lack of tact!" —Maurice Level

THE BACKWOODS DIPLOMAT

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION DROVE CONRAD WEISER FROM GERMANY—MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES AGO

READING the daily press one is prone to believe that the international refugee problem is peculiar to this, the fourth decade of the twentieth century. But Europe, with its cast of assorted bigots and their various planned persecutions, whether in the name of God or State, has had a refugee problem for the better part of the last thousand years. Fortunately—for everyone except the American Indian—the discovery and exploitation of the two American continents long provided a haven for countless numbers who were unwanted and in peril of their lives elsewhere.

The merciless religious persecutions in the Palatinate at the turn of the eighteenth century and the spread of news regarding William Penn's colony in North America aroused thousands of Palatine Germans to leave their fatherland and head toward the New World. Conrad Weiser, destined to become a great, wise and courageous peacemaker on the American colonial frontier, was a boy of thirteen when his parents emigrated. He had been born on November 2, 1696 in Affstaedt, Württemberg and had there received the rudiments of German Lutheran education. In June, 1709 with a colony of 4,000 others the Weisers left for a land of freedom.

In New York the Palatinates were settled in a body on land which had been set aside for them by the Mohawk Indians in what is Columbia County today. There they were employed in the production of naval stores. However, the New York commissioners, who should have been their benefactors, were not above exploiting them. Soon the Palatinates, encouraged to speak for themselves in this new world, negotiated with the Mohawks and purchased lands in the Schoharie Valley forty miles west of Albany.

When Conrad was seventeen his family removed to the Schoharie. There Quaquant, a Mohawk chief, became fond of young Weiser and invited him to spend the winter at his village. Through a hard winter and spring, suffering cold and hunger, among a people whose ways were completely foreign to him, Conrad lived, learning the Maqua language and beginning then to understand and appreciate Indian character. The Iroquois named the youth *Tarachawagon* and so he was known by the red men through all the years that he negotiated for and with them.

He was eighteen when he was first called upon to interpret between his German people and their Indian neighbors. He later recalled: "There was plenty of business and no pay." At his father's home he worked on the farm during the summer and taught school during the winter months.

Eventually, Conrad found the discipline in his father's home so severe that he left, preferring to live among the Indians instead. In 1720 he married a young woman— "my Anna Eve," he recorded—who may have been an Indian maiden but is believed to have been a German girl: as she probably was, for she bore fourteen children, whereas Indian women were generally not so prolific. It was not until 1729 that Conrad moved to Tulpehocken, Pa.

By this time he had apparently become widely known among the Iroquois Nations. For we find that in 1731, when Shikellamy, the Oneida chief who conducted many of the negotiations for the Iroquois, went east for a council with the whites he called upon Weiser to accompany him as his interpreter. The executive council in Philadelphia liked his work so well they even voted to pay him for his services, an action which speaks highly of Weiser's ability, inasmuch as voluntary payment, then as now, was generally unheard of.

His fluency in the Mohawk dialect and his familiarity with Indian character, as well as his fidelity in interpreting back and forth, were undoubtedly what earned for him the confidence of both sides. The Iroquois confederacy promptly accepted him as their interpreter. Later, when Sir William Johnson could hold only his Mohawks in check, Conrad Weiser was listened to respectfully by numerous other Indian nations.

It was perhaps his association with the Iroquois that led him to aid in committing a tactical blunder, one that was to change radically the colonial policy of Pennsylvania. William Penn, whose reputation for fairness in dealing with the red men has become a tradition, had generally dealt with the Delawares and had insisted on remaining neutral in inter-tribal differences and quarrels. Weiser, seeing the Six Nations rise to power and fearing rightly that they might ally with the French, apparently advised that every attempt be made to pacify them even to the extent of acknowledging their claims to lands which had already been purchased from the Delawares. While as a long-range policy these tactics were undoubtedly justified, yet for the time the Delawares were alienated and Pennsylvania became involved actively in inter-tribal disputes. Meanwhile Weiser became recognized as the backwoods diplomat, the interpreter and negotiator to whom the Indians would listen as they listened to no other white man.

The treaty of 1732, which released to Pennsylvania the territory between the South and the Blue Mountains from the Delaware to the Susquehanna Rivers, was brought about through his efforts. The treaty of 1736, which, as heretofore mentioned, acknowledged the claims of the Six Nations, was also due to his labors. When the threat of war between the Iroquois and the Southern Indians arose, it was Weiser who dared in the middle of winter to journey across the Appalachians, through storms and floods, often without snowshoes, with scant provisions, with untrustworthy guides, to reach Onondaga, where the great council of the Iroquois was held, and to avert the outbreak of hostilities. That, in 1737, was the first of his long journeys through the wilderness. The hardships and dangers encountered he recorded laconically in a brief diary.

* * *

In 1743, when war between Virginia and the Six Nations seemed inevitable over disputed land claims, Weiser again made a long winter journey through the wilderness. His relationship with Shikellamy proved particularly helpful in these negotiations and at Shamokin, Shikellamy's town, Weiser parleyed adroitly, passing out presents and soothing words until he succeeded in postponing the conflict. Another trip to Onondaga was necessary before the Iroquois would agree to treat peacefully. Then in 1744 a great conference was held in Lancaster and both Maryland and Virginia made their peace with the Six Nations.

The next decade seemed to include one conference after another, at Oswego, Albany, Logstown and again at Onondaga. Weiser traveled through the wilderness as a man of peace, fearing neither French nor Indians, working to keep the tribes neutral when they could not be persuaded to side actively with the colonies. At the same time Weiser, deeply interested in local development, helped to organize Berks County in Pennsylvania and encouraged the building of roads and the laying out of townships. As early as 1741 he was a justice of peace in his community and nine years later became one of the first justices of the Berks County courts. He also acquired a farm in Heidelberg township, Berks County.

Weiser meanwhile labored to keep the peace on the frontier, but the encroachment of the French into the Ohio Valley to protect their interests against Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia made hostilities inevitable between the two rival empires. As late as 1754 Weiser was present at the treaty of Albany, but now he was being hindered in his work by rivals for Indian and colonial favor; in particular by Colonel William Johnson, who was jealous of his influence over the Mohawks and greatly resented his prominence.

Then the defeat of General Braddock the next year struck such a blow to British prestige that even tribes hitherto friendly attacked the settlements on the frontier. The withdrawal of the remnant of the defeated army served to leave the colonial outposts without any protection whatever and a tremendous tide of savages surged over them, bringing such bloodshed and misery as the colonies had not seen in a hundred years. The Delawares, still smarting under their own loss of prestige to the Iroquois, joined in the attacks on cabin and stockade, and even large numbers of braves from the Six Nations, dissatisfied because of the white men's cunning interpretation of the Albany treaty of purchase, ravaged the countryside.

Weiser himself took part now in military affairs, although his largest achievements had hitherto been in the field of peacemaking. As Lieutenant-Colonel of militia and captain in the Pennsylvania Regiment, he did what he could to defend his section of the frontier.

The bloody French and Indian War wiped out practically all that had been gained through Weiser's years of negotiating. Inasmuch as many of those Indian chiefs who had been his friends now turned on the settlements, Weiser himself was held in suspicion. The French offered a reward for his scalp: and the English regarded him warily, particularly because he was opposed to the colonial bounty offer for Indian scalps. The distrust of him was so sharp that he began to play a less important role in what negotiations were conducted thereafter. Besides, William Johnson, now a baronet, was head of the Northern Department of Indian Affairs and the old petty jealousies did not help the relations between the various negotiators.

However, it stands to Weiser's credit that at the Easton conference in 1758 he helped persuade the Pennsylvania Proprietors to deed back to the Indians those lands which lay west of the Alleghenies and which the tribes had always insisted had not been sold by them at all. His influence declined steadily thereafter as other men wooed the tribes and his own people distrusted him.

Moreover, ill-health and age made it impractical for Weiser to undertake the long journeys through the wilderness. However, he continued to serve as presiding judge of the county courts until his failing health compelled him to retire from that activity as well.

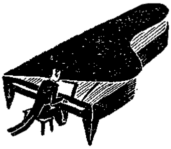
He went to live on his farm but his ailments took a turn for the worse and on July 13, 1760, at the age of sixty-four, he died. His own countrymen did not mourn long but the following year an Indian council paused to pay tribute to *Tarachawagon*, the white brother who had passed on. After Weiser would come negotiators and diplomats more careful to win popular plaudits, but there would be few in the entire history of the frontier who would work so selflessly for peaceful relations between the white men and their red neighbors. —PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 79-80

1. 2	7. 2	13. 3	or	15. 3
2. 2	8. 3	4. 4 pennies	4 pennies	16. False
3. 60	9. 4	2 nickels	1 nickel	17. True
4. 4	10. 32	0 dimes	3 dimes	18. True
5. 2	11. 4	3 quarters	0 quarters	19. True
6. 0	12. Z	0 halves	1 half	20. True

A NOTE ON MACDOWELL

IN HIS DAY A SENSATION, HIS MUSIC IS PERHAPS THE MOST UNSENSATIONAL OF ANY



NOT until Gershwin, did any American writer of music cause such a flurry in Europe as Edward MacDowell. In the seventies he won a scholarship and rubbed elbows with Debussy at the Paris *Conservatoire*. Early in the eighties he called on Liszt at Weimar, played his first piano suite for the *Allgemeiner Deutscher Musik-Verein*, saw it and its successor printed by Breitkopf and Härtel, publishers to Richard Wagner. Before the advent of Charlie McCarthy and Stravinsky, in the days of Brahms and Tchaikovsky, MacDowell was recognized as one American, at least, who could put notes on five-lined staves with individuality and ease.

Born in New York City at 220 Clinton Street, now the lower East Side, he was no prodigy. In fact, he did anything rather than practice. A visitor heard such unbelievable sounds emanating from the parlor that she pulled back the rolling door to find him lying flat on his back reading a new book while his brother banged away at the keys. The brother's fee was two cents an hour.

Shy, retiring, the true son of a Quaker environment, young MacDowell disliked any parade of emotion. About the time he put on long pants, the young Venezuelan piano sensation, Teresa Carreño, was engaged to teach him. Of warm temperament and naturally demonstrative, she encouraged him with applause and caresses. Noticing his blushes, she used her charms to goad him on: "Zis time, Edouard," she would say, "eef you play zat not right, I kees you!" And she didn't have to kiss him often.

From fourteen to twenty-six, he lived abroad. His formative years were spent in Paris, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Wiesbaden in writing and teaching piano. Like many a music teacher, he married one of his pupils, who was to him what Clara was to Robert Schumann.

His first appearances here brought him rave notices. He performed his second concerto with Theodore Thomas in New York, played with the Boston Symphony under Nikisch, with the Philharmonic under Anton Seidl. His success, according to Finck, was "such as no American musician has ever won before a Metropolitan concert audience. . . . He had an ovation like that accorded only to a popular prima donna." William J. Henderson wrote in the *Times*, "Here is one young man who has placed himself on a level with men owned by the world."

His small pieces put his name on pianos from Maine to California, and it was as a national figure—"the greatest musical genius America has produced"—that he was invited to establish a department of music at Columbia University. There he worked endlessly correcting examination books and stimulating his pupils.

He was no old fogey; he had ideas of his own. He wanted to have a center at which students of all arts would mingle. He was tired of having the study of music regarded as a sort of boutonniere. He wanted all members of the university to have contact with the fine arts, that they might be able to judge for themselves the real and abiding values. This was revolutionary, impractical, ahead of the times. It disturbed the curriculum.

In the end he collided head-on with that "impenetrably hided rhinoceros whose park it (Columbia University) is." Nicholas "Miraculous," with customary omnipotence, took advantage of MacDowell's absence on sabbatical to reorganize the fine arts department according to his own ideas. MacDowell resigned. Butler glossed it over with the explanation that MacDowell wanted more time to compose, he had been a delightful colleague, the university was losing him with the greatest regret, the trustees were offering him a research professorship with no duties.

MacDowell had left because he felt his work was futile, and this presumptive hypocrisy nauseated him. He replied in the press: "It is with some chagrin that I have to report the small results my efforts have brought to the development of art at Columbia. . . . I have tried to impress the 'powers that be' with the necessity of allowing no student to enter the university without some knowledge of the fine arts. This would force upon the preparatory school the admission of fine arts to its curriculum.

"In order to bring to a focus the art elements existing in Columbia I proposed that music be taken out of the faculty of philosophy and architecture out of the School of Mines, and with Belles Lettres form a faculty of fine arts, to complete which, painting and sculpture would be indispensable."

Instead of this, President Butler had pigeonholed music and Belles Lettres along with kindergarten in the Teachers College, making it, according to MacDowell, "a co-educational department store." The research professorship turned out to be without salary: Columbia wanted to use his name gratis; he would not act as front man for a showy but ineffectual system. Moreover, he was deeply hurt. He had been called a shirker, a quitter, or so he thought. His honor was besmirched, and he could not calmly take up his writing again. He brooded and suffered.

Furthermore, he was not well. A few months before, when helping his mother and father onto a streetcar at the upper corner of Union Square, he had been knocked down by a cab. The horse didn't step on him but the wheels ran over him. His spine was injured and his brain affected. The strong, manly, broad-shouldered figure that a few years before had made such an impression along the Boston Common began to droop. "The Listener to the Winds," who had caught the moods of the forest, the fields, and the sea sat quietly, day after day, in a chair by a window, looking aimlessly at the landscape and idly turning the pages of a book of fairy tales. He died shortly after eight on the evening of January 23, 1908 (a date which *Groves* and the *Encyclopedia Britannica* insist on giving as January 24 because it was one in the morning, London time).

* * *

Impressionable, imaginative, romantic, never erotic, MacDowell was a personality. Quiet, timid, conventional — no divorce, no carousing, no scandal was ever connected with his name. He looked like an ordinary American, kept his hair trimmed, his appearance neat—"trig," as his wife says. Yet he had a way with people, could impress them if he took a notion, and got the most out of simple folk.

Home was the backbone of his existence. He hated crowds, was embarrassed by praise. He loved to spend days in the woods, be with growing and living things.

He had a collie who always jumped up and barked when Wagner's name was mentioned and who flopped down and looked bored if anyone mentioned Brahms.

Fairy tales and folk lore were real to him. He idealized the ancient days of romance and chivalry and from them came suggestions for music. *Hamlet and Ophelia*, *Lamia*, *Lancelot and Elaine*, *Elfin Dance*, *A Tale of the Knights* are indicative. And, as testimony to nature's stimulus, there are among dozens of others: *The Pansy*, *The Blue Bell*, *The Brook*, *The Yellow Daisy*, *In the Woods*, *To an Old White Pine*, *To a Water Lily*, *To a Wild Rose*.

Like everyone who gives himself in creation, MacDowell had doubts. He published his first efforts under the name of Edgar Thorne. To the end, he was not satisfied. It was always in the future that he expected to do his "really good work." His best writing was for the piano. He wrote no opera, symphony, quartet or cantata. With the distinguished musical pedants of his time, the so-called New England composers (Foote and Chadwick and others), he didn't rate. They considered him an upstart, insufficiently trained. But their vision was limited and probably they envied his larger popularity. The public, especially club women, took his small piano pieces to their hearts. He was called the American Grieg.

Critics differed widely. G.B.S. claimed he wrote nothing that hadn't been written before, considered him "dated." Lawrence Gilman ound him "one, who having fallen among the barren makeshifts of reality, 'remembers the enchanted valleys,'" and wrote that "he has close kinship with the secret presences of the natural world, intimate responsiveness to elemental moods, quick sensitiveness to the aroma and the magic of places" . . . that there is nothing in the literature of the piano since the death of Beethoven to equal his Sonatas in "passion, dignity, and irresistible plangency of emotion."

Doubtless, MacDowell had no thought of revolutionizing music. He did not want to astound or bewilder. He was not greatly concerned even with expressing his age or being consciously American. He was eager to write personal thoughts, to say something that would have a meaning for those who heard. Commonplace as he sometimes is, in that he succeeded. —CARLETON SMITH

Wrong number In the May issue of Coronet there appeared on page 47, in the Good Taste Test, two pictures of lighting fixtures. The opinion was expressed that, while both were good, the one marked "A" was preferable because "B" used the "old method of rough surfaces to obtain diffusion" which caused "almost a rococo effect."

The opinion expressed in this instance has been challenged, not merely on the ground that our preference was wrong, but on the ground that we were in error as to the facts. We are informed that lamp "B" does not use the "old method of rough surfaces to obtain diffusion," but instead uses a scientifically developed prism cut, varied to reflect and refract the light as required by different situations, and that its efficiency from an illumination standpoint is so well established that in one form or another prismatic glass is regularly used in the lighting of industrial, commercial and institutional interiors, in Government Navy Yards, in many art galleries, and in fifty-three buildings at the New York World's Fair.

It would appear, therefore, that we owe an apology to the manufacturer of light "B," the Holophane Company, Inc. of New York, and we hereby tender it.

★ ★ ★

Ever since the first issue, we have engaged in a gentlemanly debate with those readers who objected to the captions under the photographs. Their point was well taken. Photograph captions are something that you read into a picture after it has been made.

The alternative was to drop the captions entirely. But here, too, there would be conscientious objectors. And they would be equally justified. Throwing a photograph into somebody's lap without so much as going through the motions of introducing it would be a bleak manner of presentation.

The whole problem, however, solves itself with the portfolio form of presentation in this issue. In the *Adventures of Children* on page 23, the photographs become no longer pictures in a gallery but an integral unit that does a creative job. Muriel Rukeyser, one of America's outstanding contemporary poets, has fused these pictures into a significant commentary on the existence of children that adds up into something neither the pictures nor her narrative could say by themselves.

★ ★ ★

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for
SEPTEMBER
1939

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